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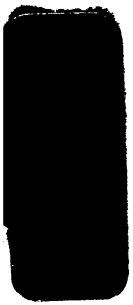

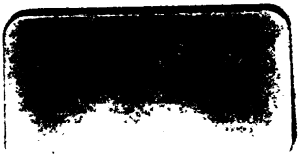

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16 10

MEMOIRS

OF

EMMA AND EBENEZER HOOPER

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1680

MEMOIRS

OF

EBENEZER AND EMMA HOOPER

1821—1885 1821—1866

INCLUDING

An Unfinished Autobiography, with Extracts from Letters, Journals, and Hymns

EDITED BY THEIR SON

T. R. HOOPER

'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.'—Ps. xxxiv. 18

'The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.'—Ps. ciii. 17

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PRINCIPAL DATES

1821. BIRTHS.
1830. HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.
1836. APPRENTICESHIP.
1844. MARRIAGE—HIS FATHER'S DEATH.
1851. HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.
1854. REDHILL.
1864. CHELMSFORD.
1865–66. DEATH OF CHILD AND WIFE.
1879. EAST DULWICH.
1885. DEATH OF E. H.

E. H.—MR. EBENEZER HOOPER.
EMMA H.—MRS. EMMA HOOPER.

'The dead are like the stars by day;—
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky.
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.'

J. MONTGOMERY.

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PREFACE

THIS book is compiled to make more permanent and accessible some records of those whose memories are beloved by their children, and will be reverenced by their descendants.

In December, 1883, it was suggested to E. Hooper by his son that 'it would be useful and interesting if you wrote your recollections.' He commenced at once, an entry in his diary, Tuesday, December 11, being: 'Began biography;' but the effort was distasteful, and increasing weakness hindered its progress when he had only brought it down to 1832.

A previous record, dated April, 1863, entitled, 'Some Memorials of my Life,' was found among his papers after his decease. This appears to have been forgotten. Although in some respects more complete, and containing an almost 'Grace Abounding' of spiritual conflict, it ends abruptly at his father's death in 1844. The two have been pieced together, omitting repetitions, and the life-story continued from personal recollections, or letters and

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diaries of E. and Emma Hooper, extracts from which are given, so that the impress of their thought and personality is maintained throughout.

The numerous letters (especially those of E. Hooper) that flowed from their gifted pens, would supply material for a volume of interesting description and wise counsel.

THOMAS ROWLAND HOOPER.

REDHILL,
SURREY.

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MEMOIRS OF EBENEZER AND EMMA HOOPER

CHAPTER I

REMINISCENCES OF SOME OF OUR ANCESTORS, BY E. H.

My great-grandfather was Captain George Hooper, of Ramsgate, who married in November, 1752, a Miss Mary Ayerst, of Hawkhurst, near Cranbrook, Kent, where they both are interred, and also their two daughters, Mary and Martha.

One of his sons was Captain Stephen Hooper, who, after he retired from the sea, lived at Margate, where he amused himself with scientific experiments; among other matters improvements in windmills. He erected one of singular construction on the cliff still known as Dane Hill, or Hooper's Hill, east of the town. It was marked on old maps as 'Hooper's Horizontal Mill,' but somehow was not sufficient to resist the wind, which in a storm carried the upper part of the structure, weighing four tons, away to a considerable distance. This was the storm which destroyed the pier on June 14, 1808.

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Many of the family lived at Ramsgate, and their tombstones can be seen in large number at St. Lawrence, the mother church of that town. One of the family built three substantial houses in High Street, Nos. 70 to 72, which are in good order now (October, 1878). The back had an entrance to the Congregational Chapel, where the Rev. George Townsend ministered for many years.

A Mr. Gouger (cousin of my father) built three windmills of the usual kind on the cliff where the one I mentioned had stood. These were for many years well-known landmarks, and shown in all views of Margate from the sea. Mr. Gouger's family were Wesleyans. One of them accompanied (or met) Dr. A. Judson in his first mission to India, as mentioned in their narrative. Mr. John Gouger, senior, was minister at St. Nicholas at Wade, the first chapel being built in his garden. [His daughter married a Mr. Bundock, whose descendants now reside at Brighton.]

Mr. Thomas Cramp (1770), an uncle of my father, was a noted Baptist minister at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet. Ordained July 1, 1800, he preached gratuitously, being faithfully attached to the cause of Christ. In 1816 he bought and gave the chapel and ground to the people. The building was enlarged in 1834 at a cost of £500. It is still standing. A jubilee of his ministry was held November 16, 1837.

My grandfathers were worthy, respectable, and

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honoured Christian men, both living in or near Lewes, in the county of Sussex.

Mr. Thomas Hooper was originally a land surveyor at Ightham Moat, near Sevenoaks. He afterwards joined with his eldest brother Cleeve as grazing farmers at the Goat Farm, Ringmer, near Lewes, which they carried on successfully for many years. There my dear father was born in 1793, having only one sister, Mary, after referred to. They retired some years before their death, within a few weeks of each other, May—June, 1830.

I well remember both these good men. Mr. Cleeve resided in his latter years quietly in apartments in the Grange Road near our house. He was fond of religious reading and hearing some noted preachers of those days, especially Dr. Hawker. A more sedate, godly gentleman there could scarcely be found, and his bright, cheerful countenance was sufficient to convince every observer that Mr. C. Hooper knew the true source of happiness, and possessed the same. As a letter writer he was unequalled for beauty and neatness of style, with some words well printed in German text; the matter was full of intelligence, earnest exhortation or affectionate consolation to sorrowing friends and relatives, as several (still in my possession) will witness.

In our visits he expected us young ones to say a hymn to him, for which, if done to his satisfaction, came the welcome gift of a new shilling, of which

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I received several, to the joy of my dear parents. Another excellent peculiarity in this old gent was his commencing his Sabbath at six o'clock on the evening of Saturday.

My grandfather Thomas was a plain, thoughtful, quiet man, sensible, but not so intelligent as his brother Cleeve; not so fond of reading nor so ready at writing as he was; indeed, his letters prove that they were a matter of difficulty and labour, and not written but of necessity, and then only by the help of a proof beforehand. After leaving off farming he removed to a nice detached house, with large garden and some meadows and brooks, situate in the Cliffe, Lewes, in Malling, or North Street, within three or four doors north of Jireh Chapel.* He was interred in a large vault behind

* Jenkin Jenkins, the chief friend of William Huntington, was the minister. This man he vainly reckoned to be the only Gospel minister besides himself in England. Mr. Jenkins was a native of Wales, educated at Trevecca College, and for a time was one of the Countess's preachers, till he embraced views of William Huntington that discarded practical teaching, and held the abrogation of the law. His letters are full of a low, corrupt experience, with constant familiar reference to *Satan;* anything but agreeable, useful, or healthy. Mr. Jenkins was a remarkably stout, unwieldy man. He was of a constant ill-temper—so much so that his most indulgent friend and leader William Huntington often alludes to him as 'his pettish and peevish Excellency,' he having styled him in humour W.A., or Welsh Ambassador.

He hired a vacant vicarage and grounds in Malling parish, where he attempted farming (like his patron at Cricklewood), to his loss and worry, as he understood nothing of the kind.

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this chapel, where in 1810 his daughter Mary was buried (the first interment there), and in 1833 his wife ('Philomela'). J. Jenkins and W. Huntington were also interred there.

I knew *one other* brother only of this generation besides my own grandfather, Mr. Stephen, the youngest, who died in 1845 (see the Pedigree of the Hoopers). Of the next generation there now (April, 1884) remains but *one*, Mr. George Hooper, who lives in this same parish of Camberwell in fair health, except as the decay of nature attends his advanced age of eighty-nine years (born April 20, 1795).

He kept a horse and chariot for his conveyance to and from chapel, being too corpulent to walk. Being unmarried, his niece, Ann Jones, and a Miss Diggins were housekeepers. His letters indicate it was not a happy household, though small, for with such a head no wonder there was much jealousy and quarrelling between the two ladies, to his great annoyance. He was weak in mind, as in faith, being full of fear and mistrust till his decease (September, 1810), asserting, as his letters show, that he desired no spiritual good in any way but from Mr. Huntington, to whose judgment and leading he ever betrayed a most servile subjection, discarding all association or co-operation with any other minister. Mr. Huntington describes his end to be very dark, and far from joy and assurance. He no doubt suffered from forsaking his early call, and leaving Divine teaching to fix his faith and dependence on a fallible and dogmatical man. My grandfather was one of his executors, and I have the auctioneer's account of his personal effects, which were large, and realized almost £2,000. There was near to £300 in cash in hand at his death. Notwithstanding these defects of character and lack of preaching gift, he had a large congregation.

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Mr. Daniel, another son of this good family, had been, like his father, Mr. George Hooper, captain of some merchant vessels, and latterly a dealer in ships' stores at Rotherhithe. He died, leaving a good fortune, but no children, in the year 1827, and my father was one of his executors. His widow, Sarah, one of the literary family of Taylors, of Ongar, afterwards lived in respectable style with a companion at Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington. Here I often went with my father, which was a great treat, but chiefly was the liberal present of very excellent books for children which she freely gave, and furnished us with some of the most appropriate and instructive reading then extant, and which, but for her kindness, we might never have known, as our parents were not free in this respect.

Mrs. Hooper was a subscriber to the Religious Tract Society, and so received these very suitable gifts, illustrated. I can still realize the delight I found in the precious pages of such good writers as dear Old Humphrey (always a favourite) and others. These laid the foundation of a great love and preference for such substantial reading to the light, frothy, seductive tales of fiction. Some of these treasures are still valued and possessed, or have been, as much by some of my dear children, to their mental profit.

Mrs. Hooper was a liberal subscriber to several benevolent societies, and, with her friend, took much interest in them, thus opening up for us the

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means of more extended information. My writing-desk, the valued companion of over forty-three years (as per date, November 1, 1840), was her useful gift to me when nineteen years old, made, as it is seen, from some rare and beautiful wood brought over by some missionaries from the South Sea Islands, called 'Tamanee wood,' of good colour and polish, sold for the benefit of missions.

My maternal grandfather was Mr. Joseph Morris, of 27, High Street, Lewes, a large and successful butcher and grazier, who had a family of three sons and many daughters, of whom only one son remains at this date (April, 1884), viz., Mr. Ebenezer Morris, of the Cliffe, Lewes (ironmonger), at the age of eighty-three. It was partly after him that I was named. His wife (Ann Morris) was a kind, sensible, and domestic old lady, whose visits to Grange Walk I remember, and my reading to her. Mr. Morris in his last years suffered much severe bodily affliction. The other sons were Joseph and Benjamin; the daughters: (1) Eliza (Mrs. Verrall), (2) Sarah (Mrs. M. Martin), (3) Hannah (Mrs. Fuller), (4) Mary (Mrs. Cleeve Hooper), (5) Martha (my mother, Mrs. Thomas Hooper), (6) Rebecca (Mrs. J. J. Robinson), and (7) Deborah (Mrs. H. E. Berry).

All his children, and most of their children who have died, are buried in a very large family vault near the south-west corner of All Saints' Church, Lewes, among them my dear father (Thomas

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Hooper), mother (Martha Morris), and my only brother, Thomas (died, aged thirteen, October, 1830).

I have now to allude to my other grandmother, Mary Hooper, and in her find one, not of private claims alone, but who was made widely known to the world as the writer of the alternate Letters to W. Huntington which he published (much against her original wish, and by dint of over-persuasion) in a six-shilling book. It appears in his works under the title of 'Correspondence between Noctua Aurita (himself) and "PHILOMELA,"' the affected Latin signature he gave to her. It was a rude violation of confidence, as the letters were only *private*, and not for the press. Their publication caused her much pain and sorrow in her future years, when called to walk through some dark and dismal paths so opposite to her brighter experience when she wrote them in the freedom of friendship. An impartial perusal detects on his part much arbitrary dominion over her faith, with his peculiar and unscriptural notions dogmatically asserted, his usual positiveness and abuse of many Scriptures, jumbled together and forced to support his theory of theology. No expansion or Christ-like sentiment in love of others; on the contrary, when she once alludes to the dangerous illness of 'her dear little boy' (my dear father afterwards), his reply expresses no kind sympathy with a mother's fear and solicitude for an only son, but in a cold, unfeeling manner actually

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rebukes her indulgence of natural affection, a gift he showed his lack of to his own wife and children, which defect is often the fruit of spiritual pride such as he abundantly manifested unchecked in his words, character, and conduct. His letters display fulsome flattery and adulation of her as his disciple.

One chief feature in this strange publication of letters (and most were really written) is the obvious readiness with which she parts with all her former profession of religion (rejecting it by his dictum to be false) to commence *de novo* with what was ' real,' according to his leading and doctrine, which presupposed that she had not a repentance deep enough nor an experience of corruption of heart needful to be safe. Her letters are pervaded by a spirit of bondage and subservience to his dictates and reproofs, as to a stern father-confessor who extorted her varied changes of experience.

Hence arose a growing servility to his judgment that afterwards resulted in deep despair, for losing her support when he died, she had no hope. She sank for the last years of her life into a wretched state, indifferent to nearly all her connections, with love and pity for scarcely any.

As to Mr. Huntington and his memory, her family and friends regretted the association, and she abhorred the recollection, and parted with all the relics, memorials, and gifts she possessed of his, except one only, a small silver decanter label I still have. Her more sober and less extolled husband was

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free from this delusive confidence in a man, and preserved a happier mind. Latterly she continued entirely indoors, and I, on a visit there when a lad, well remember her distressing looks as she sat by the fire ; seldom spoke, had no company, yet previously was noted for cheerfulness and wit. Her state troubled my dear father much, and her husband too, whom she outlived but three and a quarter years—June, 1830, to September, 1833. Both were interred in Jireh Chapel ground, in the same tomb as their daughter and Messrs. Huntington and Jenkins. There is some allusion to her state in my book on him, but much more might be said by way of warning and caution against letting go what God has done, to obey the teaching and notions of even good men. No joy, peace, or confession (as some hoped) preceded her removal. Sunk into self-despair, her conduct had grown misanthropic. All who knew her judged that her earlier profession was far more conformable to the image of Christ and love to His people than her last.

I might here mention the publication of a series of letters between my grandfather Morris and a minister at Hastings named David Fenner, in two octavo volumes, entitled ' A Word for the Weary ; or, Encouragement for the Weak in Faith.' They are a violation of the confidence of friendship, an undue yielding the secrets of the heart while under much severe bodily affliction and worrying pain. It was outrageous to print such matter. Mr. Morris

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was urged, even dragged, into a most reluctant consent; and well it might be so, for most of his feelings were unfit for the public eye and knowledge, and it was a great mortification to his family. They were written in advanced age, and not long before his death.

It is somewhat singular that my maternal grandfather and my paternal grandmother should both have been made subject to the same annoying exposure such as print creates, and not easily recalled or quieted, though they checked the sale all they could. Mrs. Hooper's survived more permanently by gaining a place in Mr. Huntington's works, many of which, it is well known, are swelled out by the insertion of his correspondents' letters to himself, not worth such preservation—often very long (one was eighty-three pages), and printed in 'pica' type, octavo.

In recalling this worthy family and generation, having mentioned *four sons*, I would not omit *two* sisters, very remarkable for character and knowledge, especially as I knew them so well, and often visited them to their end — Mary, who had been married to a Mr. Carter, a gold-laceman, whose place of business was at the corner of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, and Martha, a single lady. They lived long together in a good house at Mary Street, Hampstead Road, their own house, kept three female servants, were great politicians, high Tories, though professed Dissenters, as was Mr.

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Huntington, whose followers they had been. These ladies, to strong memories and a fund of general information, added much weekly by reading, almost verbatim, the High Church and Tory newspaper then edited by Tom Hood, known as *John Bull*. In the reading of this journal all visitors, when time allowed, had to assist the servants' duty by taking a few more paragraphs, commencing where a pin carefully marked the progress already made, and replacing it at the end of their task, which some (uninterested) were glad to get over, while others did not care; however, they had the pleasure of most attentive listeners. Many that called and had conversation with them on business, or otherwise, owned that they had never met with two ladies so clever and of such judgment and knowledge of various general subjects and events, historical or religious.

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CHAPTER II

BERMONDSEY—PARENTAGE, CHILDHOOD, AND YOUTH (1821–1844)

KENT, more particularly Thanet, and the Lewes district of Sussex, were, during the eighteenth century, the dwelling-places of Ebenezer Hooper's ancestry. A tradition existed that the Hoopers had migrated from the West of England.

Not only that surname graven on the stones at St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, or at All Saints', Cliffe, Lewes, but the names Ayerst, Gouger, Morris, and others related, linger in many a farmhouse, churchyard, and town of these two southern counties. Early in the nineteenth century business attracted some of them to the Metropolis, and South London and other parts of Surrey became their homes.

Thomas, the father of Ebenezer Hooper, was apprenticed at Bermondsey to learn the art and mystery of tanning, then a lucrative, restricted, and protected trade. The premium was large. The duties were to work with the men from 6 a.m. till

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evening) mostly in the open tanyard, handling wet hides and skins, 'casting' pits, and other laborious work, in summer's heat and winter's cold, unless the latter was so severe as to freeze even the tannic liquors and stop operations. The privileges were: to work on later if occasion required; to superintend weighing bark, etc.; occasionally to accompany the master to Leadenhall leather market, and see the magnates of the trade; and very occasionally in summer to get from 5 to 8 a.m., or an afternoon off, to play cricket with relatives and apprentices at Peckham Rye or Clapham Common, or ramble in the adjacent country. As one witty cousin remarked, 'Our master believes that text, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."'

Bermondsey was changing. Its medieval aspect had passed away, but fragments of its famous abbey existed, and traces of its orchards and fish-ponds lingered amidst gardens and yards of Georgian houses and still more recent cottages. The Grange —reminiscent of fields and farm buildings—was being covered with tanyards; still, the open country adjoined, and rural lanes and footpaths led to adjacent villages. The master tanners, mostly substantial and influential men, dwelt in comfortable residences close at hand.

Here follows Ebenezer Hooper's own record, compiled from his brief MS. of 1883, prefaced and supplemented by that of 1863, which is more full of

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detail, recounts his remarkable religious experience, and brings the record down to a period shortly after his marriage.

Introduction

It has been suggested (or rather requested) that I should leave behind me some record of the events and circumstances of my life, which, by God's long-suffering and long-sparing mercy, has extended beyond the age of sixty-two and a half years.

With some reluctance I accede, after various rejections, arising chiefly from a strong aversion I seldom could overcome to writing about *myself*, strengthened by having observed the foolish and partial accounts persons have given of themselves, which could often be overthrown by an independent testimony.

The task has been recommended on two grounds, viz.: (1) That several matters now unknown to the young might be worth preserving, as likely to afford some instruction as well as pleasure; and (2) that the employment in transcribing the recollections of former days, as they come to mind, may relieve the dulness of many solitary hours which a physical weakness (now gradually increasing) has laid upon me. Yet my thoughts have been, and are, most mercifully unimpaired and free, a cause for continual gratitude and peace amidst various privations from the benefits and pleasures of an active

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and out-of-door life. Yet, spared from much pain, and often recollecting the sufferings of so many of my poor fellow-creatures, I ought to suppress the faintest inclination to murmur at my lighter cross.

Afflictions are designed and appointed for profit to all men, so as rightly to estimate and employ the life that is granted, and to God's own children that they may learn and value, in all trials of every kind, the love of their heavenly Father and the faithfulness and preciousness of His Holy Word. In the hope and sincere desire that this humble endeavour may be with an eye to these great favours, in dependence on His teaching, and a resolution to record that only which I know to be true, the task, which may prove more pleasant, after all, than irksome, is cheerfully undertaken—at least, commenced—this 11th day of December, on Tuesday morning, 1883, at 25, Tyrrell Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

Some Memorials of My Life (April, 1863)

'The Lord said, Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness,' and having, I trust, many reasons to record His goodness to me in providential mercies, and, above all, in spiritual dealings, I desire, now that forty years have passed, to place on more permanent record some facts connected with my pilgrimage thus far, that they may retain

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in order what a fickle memory may lose, and perhaps refresh me in future perusal, if my life is spared, and also be of some interest to the many dear children (twelve) which the Lord hath given me. May they be led to seek the right way, and find encouragement to trust in Him who hath never failed or forsaken their parent! Especially do I need grace and wisdom in this solemn work to write as shall tend solely to magnify the riches of God's grace and goodness, and that self may be laid and kept low, seeing and feeling that no good thing dwells in me; but at times I have a hope that He has by the blessed Spirit, through the mercy there is in Jesus, given me some love to and fear of His holy name. Not unto me, not unto me, but to His name be all the glory.

My Parents and My own Family

I was born at No. 3, Upper Grange Walk, in the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, on Sunday, April 22, 1821, fifteen months after the death of King George III. and the accession to the throne of his disreputable son, George IV.

I was the third of five children, having a brother and sister older and two sisters younger than myself; there were just two years between each of our ages from 1817 to 1825. The youngest, named Anne, died when about eighteen months old, and was buried in the family vault at All Saints' Church-

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yard, Lewes, Sussex. At this church our parents had been married in June, 1816.

My parents (a highest mercy) were Christian people, who desired to bring up their children in the right path. They belonged to families of some repute in the town, as leading supporters of a Huntingtonian cause that met at Jireh Chapel in the Cliffe, behind which, in a small yard containing one large tomb, Mr. Huntington was buried in 1813, as were also my grandfather and grandmother Hooper, and my father's sister, Mary, which was the *first* interment there in the year 1810, leaving my father, the only child, then aged seventeen. The families being thus intimate led to the union of Thomas Hooper to Martha Morris, his cousin, Cleeve, having married an elder daughter, Mary Morris, a few years before. They were as brothers, having served their apprenticeship together with a Mr. Joseph Howlett Fenner, tanner and leather factor, of Long Lane, Bermondsey, the premium paid on their indentures for seven years' servitude being £400. Nor was this paid to secure for these young men an easy, gentlemanly life; they were required to drudge as hard as, often harder than, the labourers, as early and as late, in every kind of duty, indoors and out. They, no doubt, profited in health, exemption from the snares of idleness, and in active habits, from this exaction and injustice. Their premises being near to each other in the Grange, they kept up their intimacy

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and intercourse through life. Mr. C. J. Hooper suffered from asthmatic affection, which, after a season of great prosperity, led him, about 1832, to purchase an estate called Hayes, near Horsham. He used to drive down in the summer-time, and the family stayed there. He died in February, 1836, aged forty-four, and was buried at Maze Pond Chapel.

School Days

I may premise that I was ever an ardent lover of books. Some have said that we are *born* with predominant tastes. If this idea is true, it may have been so early manifest that I preferred a book to play (or for what unaccountable reason I never could tell) that I was sent, when a tiny child, to a school kept by an old lady in the same street where we lived for some twenty or more decent children. I always knew the house, and know it now, and remember sitting on a low stool or form, yet with no feelings of dislike or horror at having to spend a good part of each day indoors instead of playing in the garden with my elder sister and my much-loved brother. Yet some benefit was gained by me as well as being put safely out of harm's way and mischief. At *four years of age* I could read very well, which rather surprised the lady governesses of my second school.

This was a good 'preparatory school for young

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gentlemen,' near the top of Brixton Hill (facing west), then called 'Hope House.' It stood back from the highroad seventy or eighty yards, with a wide entrance through a lawn and garden. The prospectus commenced thus :

'HOPE HOUSE,

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED ON BRIXTON HILL, SURREY.

Preparatory Establishment for Young Gentlemen from four to ten years of age.

CONDUCTED BY THE MISSES LEE.'

Here I was sent at the age of four, and remained for six years, till I was ten, the period of scholarship there. The school was conducted by two sisters named Susan and Martha, sensible religious women, who, I always felt, had a conscientious anxiety to teach the boys right. There were about forty, all respectable, and some of good families. Three were sons of my future minister, Rev. Joseph Irons; two brothers named Grissell, afterwards eminent as engineers, and nephews of Sir S. M. Peto. One of the former became Prebendary Irons, D.D., of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Why I was sent from home at so unusually early an age I never could comprehend, for I liked home, and without vanity can say that I do not think I was disobedient or unruly; at least, I always had a good character and prizes at the school. I know that I much lamented the separation from my dear

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parents and family; yet in other respects, being always kindly treated, I began to like it nearly as well as home. . However, I did not fret when the short holidays (never exceeding five weeks in Midsummer and four at Christmas) were over. Occasionally a few days at Easter, but could not depend on this favour. Our living was plain but good: meat at dinner, and pudding, though some of us could have done with *more* than the regular four pieces at breakfast and tea, and begged some in the kitchen. The grounds were open and airy, and there was a good playground, besides the walks, two and two, whenever fine. We had full liberty to play, and I do not remember much, if any, epidemic illness in the establishment.

The instruction was chiefly by Miss Susan Lee, a very precise and methodical lady, who held good authority with the aid of an experienced teacher. Miss Martha seldom appeared, devoting herself to the domestic management, which was thoroughly attended to. Their mother (a nice old lady) and their brother, Mr. Robert, lived with them, occupying the parlour on the right of the front-door, while the school occupied all the left from front to back, with a large window at each end. The boys' bedroom was exactly the same size over it, so that both were kept airy, and had two good fireplaces in each.

I well remember the old lady's portrait being painted in oil, of life size, and how, when finished

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and framed, all the boys were allowed to go into the front parlour in groups to inspect it, with the original living pattern sitting by. It could not fail to strike each of us to be, as it really was, a most faithful and expressive likeness done by a good artist.

We all were taken very regularly to attend various chapels in the neighbourhood, generally the same one during each half year—at times the Wesleyan, three doors higher up the hill, afterwards one of the Congregational (perhaps Countess of Huntingdon's, as part of the Church prayers were read), on the same side as ours, at the top of the hill, in the main road, where a minister named Hunt was stationed, and a Mr. Wake at the one lower down. I do not recollect any of the boys being once taken to a church.

The boys were well conducted. No rough games nor bad language were permitted, and on the whole I cannot think there was anything much to reprehend, except that some meals were rather scanty as well as plain, but good and wholesome such as it was. I used often to go with my governess to week-evening services as a companion to her on winter evenings. She fancied I liked to go, and was quieter than other boys, so I had the privilege, and a piece of bread-and-butter on my return, which made some boys jealous and unkind. One sermon at Streatham much impressed me, from the words, 'Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy.' The

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ministers sometimes came to the school and spoke to the boys, which I much liked, and at times felt great desire to be a Christian. I fancied they were more peaceful and happy than other people, and much esteemed any that I heard loved God, wishing I might some day. When very young, about six, I was selected to read at morning and evening prayers the chapter (standing by the lady before the whole school), after which she read a prayer from a book containing them for a month, one of which I well knew contained the verse :

> ' A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
> On Thy kind arms I fall.'

This duty gave me a better knowledge of the letter of the Word, but tended to lift me up with pride, as I was reckoned the best reader in the school, and my cousin B—— the best writer ; and two images of two little boys, one reading and one writing, were put up in the room, and referred to as representing us two. This office and the practice in it I can say I have since found of great use, enabling me to enjoy reading aloud, and with some confidence, before others. It was a preparation for such a duty when called to it in after-years. I wished I could pray, and understanding from the visiting ministers that God heard the prayers of children I resolved to try ; so when I had a difficult lesson I would ask God to enable me to learn it, and used to think He did, for if I neglected, and thought I could

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learn it well, I found I had failed when called on to say it. This encouraged me to ask Him for assistance, and many other things. Good books were often read to us, which much impressed me, as did allusion to the death of friends.

Occasionally Miss Lee attended a small chapel (on the left-hand side of Brixton Hill going to London) in which a tall, stout, bald-headed old gentleman named Pierce used to preach very long sermons. A Mr. Bailey always brought him in his carriage. I understood nothing of his deep doctrinal harangues, so had to read continually two texts that were painted distinctly on the wall, one on each side of the pulpit, which were these: 'Wherever I record My Name, I will come unto you, and I will bless you' (Exodus). 'Where two or three are met together in My Name, there am I in the midst (and that to bless them—*sic*)'—(Matthew).

Very many years after I saw an engraved portrait, framed, at a bookseller's, and recognised directly this old minister, and found him to have been the noted author and ultra-Calvinist, *Samuel Eyles Pierce*, formerly of Plymouth, Devonshire, then of various places and of Fetter Lane, London, who died in 1829, aged eighty-three years. He was known and approved by Dr. R. Hawker, of Plymouth. I have heard that Mr. Pierce owned that he had never known of one person converted under his ministry, though many Christians had been greatly

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blessed with comfort and instruction, depth of doctrine and experience.

Shortly before I left, a sermon one Sunday evening at Union Chapel, top of the hill, much affected me. The text was, 'Peter was grieved because Jesus said unto him the third time, Lovest thou Me?' etc. The minister spoke much of the love of God and the solemn state of those that loved Him not, and on Monday afternoon at the school he alluded to it again, so that I did desire to love the Lord, and hoped He would make me love Him. In the summer of 1829 I went for my holidays to East Hoathly, which I much enjoyed, many of my cousins being there too. I must here mention a remarkable preservation. My cousin, C. W. Hooper, and others were in the orchard, and he was, and always has been, fond of shooting. He had a crossbow which shot arrows with heavy heads, and he was aiming at a dead rat, which one held by the tail. Many of us were standing round to witness. Somehow the arrow glanced and hit my eye. It was a dangerous blow, and I was a week or more under Dr. Colgate's care, kept in a dark room. God blest the means to the saving of my imperilled sight, but for many years I had something to remind me of this mercy, as on looking at the sky or any clear space I always saw a speck with the eye that was wounded.

Two books were given to me while at Hope House, which I much valued and well used, and

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even *now possess*—a small selection of hymns, well chosen and best known, published by the Religious Tract Society, called the 'Cottage Hymn-Book,' bound in red leather. This I used to put under my pillow at night, and on awaking in the morning early read it under the clothes for some time in the summer morning light while the boys were asleep, as we rose at seven. I continued this with such pleasure and interest that I learned nearly all the book.

This habit (all of my own free will and taste) laid the foundation of two influences of my life, each affording untold benefit and pleasure beyond calculation—a growing and constant love of hymns, (either as original collections or in various selections, of each of which I have many choice copies), also a love of, and ease and enjoyment in, early rising, which has given me at no cost or effort some of the best hours of the day and wholesome preparation for the succeeding ones, and which I have always recommended to my family, and do now to all who may read this, as conducive to quietness of mind, strength of thought and memory. It is approved by Scripture and by writers on health. One says that nothing can surpass or even equal 'the advantage of morning air' to mind and body, an unfailing source of mental and social gain, and so easily and without any cost attained by everyone.

The other hymn-book was Dr. Watts', which was used at chapel. I had not one of my own, so

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that on one of my dear father's visits I named this in reply to his question of what I should like. On the death of my dear brother, October, 1830, I much felt the one commencing,

> 'Why do we mourn departing friends,
> And shake at death's alarms ?'

On showing the book with pride to a schoolfellow, he tried his new knife on the edge of the leather cover, and made a small cut, which grieved me much, and can still be seen. The date 1830 shows that I received it during my last year at Brixton School.

While at this school I saw the commencement and completion of the two chapels before named, one at the top and the other at the bottom of Brixton Hill, on the left-hand side from London, and between our school and the upper one stood St. Anne's Society Schools for the orphan children of respectable deceased parents, also on the left, or east, side. [At this present time—April, 1884—this institution is being rebuilt on a larger scale near to Redhill Station, Surrey.]

I well remember some convictions of sin here, especially once when, in childish pride, I told a schoolfellow of my home, and in the narration exceeded the truth in some particulars. How guilty I felt, for though he had no means of discovering my exaggerations, I felt God knew and condemned my falsehoods!

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I could allude, even in these early days, to various religious impressions, and my belief in God's hearing and answering the prayers even of children, and His cognizance of their sins and faults. I felt some assurance of His granting my requests for His help in learning my lessons, which I felt after such prayer was attained; also that a picture of an eye, with the words, 'Thou, God, seest me,' always reminded me of God's omniscience.

In May, 1830, my grandfather Hooper died, and in the following week his brother, Mr. Cleeve Hooper, both godly men. The latter especially had often visited our house, as he lived in Bermondsey, and we generally dined with him on Christmas Day, when he expected my sister and brother and myself to say a hymn to him after dinner, which, if well said, was rewarded with a new shilling. I well remember his happy face and kind and solemn remarks and good wishes for us, and felt his death as that of a true friend, and one that had gone to heaven, for he lived and walked with God, and his conversation was in heaven. He used to commence his Sabbath on Saturday evening at six, and allowed of no interruption or domestic employment in his house after then, but quietly sat, his clean things hanging by the fire and his Bible open. He used to say: 'Sunday is a good day; we should make it as long as possible.' He would go far to attend the ministry of good men, and would speak with ability and pleasure to

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friends of the discourses of Dr. Hawker, S. E. Pierce, etc. I have many of his letters, which are truly valuable, and correspond with what I know of his life and walk. .My grandfather, Mr. T. Hooper, of Lewes, was a humble man, and I felt much love and respect for him. He was very quiet, and not so active and lively as my great-uncle. They had lived, married, were in business, and left it together, and were really one in heart; and their dying so nearly at the same time, without any long previous illness, was thought remarkable. Mr. C. Hooper had known J. Newton, Romaine, Mason, and many of the good men of that period.

In October of the same year I was called to suffer a heavy loss in the death of my only brother, Thomas (I was about nine years old). He was of a most kind and amiable disposition, beloved by all who knew him, and we loved each other dearly, though I had never seen much of him except at holidays. A disease in his hip rendered him lame. He used to give me kind advice and instruction, and his memory is to this day (though thirty-four years since) fresh in my recollection.

Though often kept from school on account of his affliction, he was very intelligent, fond of reading, and in writing and expression much excelled, as some letters I have show. The penmanship at twelve years old surpassed many at twenty in form and freedom.

He was latterly quite lame, after walking with

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difficulty, using crutch, stick, etc.; and well do I recollect his sorrow when unable to run about with his cousins—a privation, dear fellow, borne for the most part with cheerful meekness and patience. He had some of the best medical advice; but the disease, which caused great discharge from an abscess, increased so as to bring him to his end in October, 1830, aged thirteen and a half years. His last illness was about three months. After staying at East Hoathly in June and July, he returned very feeble, exhibiting rapid symptoms of consumption. My dear parents watched him closely night and day, and were much cut up at his death. It was not without hope to his sorrowing parents that he was one of Christ's flock; a few nights before he exclaimed with great energy and feeling, in the first two lines of a hymn in Turner's selection:

> 'Convinced, as a sinner to Jesus I come,
> Informed by the Gospel for such there is room.'

I well remember being fetched from my school to see him in his coffin, and the dismal look of the house, and the grief of my parents, etc. The sight never fades from my remembrance, nor the loneliness that made me know with grief that I was left an only son. This was, indeed, one of my earliest and most bitter trials—to lose my loved and only dear brother, kind and intelligent companion, when we could value each other's society.

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He excelled in many things, writing and mechanical arts, in which I assisted him and took great interest.

With deep grief, as one who, as Scripture states, 'mourneth for his first-born,' my dear father interred his remains (the second funeral of the family) in the vault at All Saints', Lewes, and gave us an account of the journey and funeral service. My dear mother never seemed to get over the loss.

My home life (little beyond my holidays twice a year) was afterwards spent with my two sisters, who were affectionate and kind, especially the elder, of which many proofs to this day remain to remind me, as her life spared does, *we two* having been, by God's long-suffering, for over thirty years past the sole survivors of our small family circle; yet friends, relatives, and generations pass away.

I must refer to an incident about this time. One winter evening we were sitting together as a family in the parlour, and my sister asked me to get something out of a cupboard, in which was a small wooden bowl with halfpence usually kept there. I wanted a halfpenny for something, and on fetching the article was tempted to take one out. It was detected somehow, I think by my manner, and no one could express the guilt and sorrow I felt. I was asked, and confessed immediately that I had taken the halfpenny; and well do I remember my dear father's and my mother's kind reproof. They approved of my owning the sin, and said if I ever needed one to ask, and I should have. The

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guilt and remorse I felt I think I never forgot, and this trifling theft was overruled to be of use and warning to me for ever after.

After six years' stay I left this school in June, 1831, my continuance having been of far more advantage to me than in the frequent changes many are subject to ; for I think I had attained a good amount of general information, and could write fairly and freely for the age of ten and a quarter years only.

Liking my schoolfellows and mistresses, and learning so well, I never remember going back to school with any great regret, for it was like a home to me. I was very contented, and many happy hours passed there. Much pains were taken to instil into our young minds the principles of religion and a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures.

I revisited this spot (which I had often wished to do) one morning in 1881, fifty years after I quitted it.

The long front garden looked familiar, and the house also not unlike former years. This was rather surprising, it being now a private residence of Sir Thomas Gabriel, a recent Lord Mayor. At my request, and stating my motive for calling, I was courteously shown the drawing-room on the left, formerly the schoolroom, unaltered as to size. My eye easily recognised all its dimensions, and windows at each end, back and front, east and west, as of old ; also the dining-room, where, when a

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little boy, I sat on the governesses' left hand (there was the exact spot), and after healthy exercise enjoyed many a plain meal. The name was altered, but it may be identified by its being three doors from the Wesleyan Church, half way up the hill, opposite to a short turning leading to the Lambeth Water-Works, which stands on the site of the once noted Brixton Treadmill, the moving fans of which we often saw, a sign that the wheel, worked by the criminals, was in action.

I remember the old watchmen, nicknamed 'Charleys,' and have been awakened on a Christmas morning by the one who patrolled our street, singing in a queer voice, Hart's hymn, commencing :

'How blest is the season at which we appear ;'

after this he would intone a grotesque ditty :

'Maids, maids, arise ;
Make your puddings and mince-pies,' etc.,

and conclude by shouting, 'Half-past four o'clock, and a fine starlight morning.'

Tinder-boxes were then in use, and I recollect the trouble of getting a light ; the tinder perhaps damp, and the morning cold and dark.

After leaving Brixton I went to an excellent day-school near our house, kept by a first-rate tutor, Benjamin Abbott, where my dear brother had attended when his affliction allowed. In my first half-year I entered with much earnestness into a competition for prizes with older youths. I could

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pass many beyond my age; but I over-taxed my mental powers, much against my parents' wish, and at the close of the half (December, 1831), I had a severe attack of brain fever, my life was despaired of, and I was brought to the brink of the grave. (I was aware of another secret cause that probably may have tended to this illness. Though ignorant God was merciful to me.) I well remember Christmas Day, 1831. The family always dined at my Uncle Cleeve's, at the Grange, on Christmas Day, and they with us on New Year's Day. Being poorly, I could not go, but remained at home, with a nice kind servant, who came from Ticehurst, Sussex, named Elizabeth Kemp. During the evening we stood over the fire in the parlour, and she sympathized with me in my sickness, feeling very poorly herself. On the morrow we were both of us laid low, and she had to be removed home, as it was considered serious. In my case God heard prayer, blessed the means used, and raised me up, while poor Elizabeth, my fellow-invalid, was soon called away by death from her family, who loved her well.

I felt very ill, and in a day or two after the fever set in with great violence, and deprived me of reason for nearly a fortnight, which passed like a blank, or as one night—December 27 to January 8, 1832. My dear parents' solicitude and distress were great indeed, fearing they were to lose their only surviving son just fourteen months after the death of dear Thomas. The house was kept as

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quiet as possible, my head shaved, and leeches applied, in which kind office I must notice the attention of my dear aunt, C. Hooper, and the skill of that good physician, Dr. Back, whose benevolent and happy looks when my reason returned, I can now picture by the bedside, as he noticed my replies and my dear parents' delight and gratitude. There is a record of this illness by my dear mother, to which I must refer any reader that feels interested (in a little book with an account of his brother; see Chapter IX.), but would only notice, with gratitude, I trust, to the Giver of every mercy, one remarkable feature very gratifying to my friends—viz., that though my mind rambled and was lost to every worldly thing, yet I could name correctly any text and answer any question on religious topics. This surprised them all, and once in the night I asked my dear father to read out of the Bible some Psalms, the same that were read all round the school on the breaking-up day, according to usual custom (my master, Mr. B. Abbott, being a Quaker). He complied, and asked me which; I told him exactly, where to begin, and he read on for some time, when I stopped him exactly at the place where we finished, and I almost think I pointed out the verse, I read. On inquiry of my cousins, who were schoolfellows, it was found strictly accurate. I named some dreams, one, expressive of having seen Jesus, and His promise that I should be with Him for ever,

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was a source of comfort to me when I first saw the account about ten years after, during a time of distress of soul. It afforded some encouragement to hope the Lord loved me, and was watching over me during that solemn and dark season, giving me such tokens of my interest in His everlasting love, for in that testimony my natural mind could not possibly have any control.

The narrative above referred to tenderly expresses my dear parents' hopes and fears and gratitude at my preservation. On my recovery I felt much drawn to the Lord with thankfulness, feeling sure His love and power had been granted to raise me up. That hymn, 'For mercies countless as the sands,' and many others, were very sweet to me, and were fixed in memory by often reading. I had been fond of hymns, and while at the boarding-school a little 'Cottage Hymn-book' and Taylor's 'Infant Minds' were my constant companions; indeed, I had learnt the latter entirely through, and could repeat them all, which much pleased my uncle and parents. After my recovery, for nine months I was often the subject of bad headaches, such as I had never known before, which made me fearful and anxious, and gave my dear parents much concern. I did not go regularly to school, and well remember my first attendance with a silk cap on. In September after, I had a slight attack of illness with headaches, and went for a change with my dear mother for a week or more to Lamborne Hall. One

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night, in great pain and trouble, I was awake and crying, which much distressed Mr. Dendy, a gentleman there learning farming, with whom I slept, and who kindly endeavoured to pacify and comfort me. The change was blest to my restoration, and I seldom suffered after; but every Christmas had low and desponding forebodings of another illness on the brain, and felt relief when the middle of January had passed. I would, on the recollection of this deliverance, desire to bless the Lord for His long-suffering and long-sparing mercy towards me in not taking me away in my sins. Oh that I could live to His glory! But I fear that sins and backslidings mar my future path.

Though this illness was in December, 1831, and January, 1832, here I am, fifty-two years after, still alive, after years too unprofitable. Oh that it may be to praise His name, and that I may yet live to Him, who, I trust, has given me a new life in Christ by His quickening and converting grace!

In October, 1833, my grandmother Hooper (the 'Philomela' of Huntington's works) died, after many years of distress, almost of despair. My father wrote me as follows:

LEWES,
October 31, 1833.

MY VERY DEAR EBENEZER,

No doubt you felt much on receiving the painful intelligence of the departure of your dear grandmamma, which I was not a witness of. We

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have every reason to believe that our loss is her everlasting gain. You did right, my dear boy, in having the blinds down and letting your uncle and aunt know.

An allusion is made to delaying the funeral to enable Mr. Turner, of Sunderland, 'living 265 miles off,' to come.

November 3.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The remains of your dear departed grandmamma we purpose having interred on Thursday next, when I hope you will be particular in keeping yourself as quiet as you can. As regards the fireworks, we hope, as it is our wish, you will not go: it would not be consistent when your dear grandmamma lies dead; and when we return you shall have a good treat. I hope the hour will not be long before we see you again.

With our united love to our dear absent children,

From your affectionate father,

T. HOOPER.

About this time a strong lad at the school (Robson) struck me one day (in a passion for a trifling affront) a terrible blow on the forehead, which nearly stunned me. This caused my friends some alarm, and left a swelling in front for a long time—above two or three years—after. The Lord again spared me from the ill-effects that might have followed.

In September, 1834, we quitted my birthplace and

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removed to No. 2, Berwick Place, and in the following June, 1835—being fourteen and a quarter years of age—I left school. The last three months had been spent at Lewes under the same master, who removed there; the usher Mr. Gull, who had been also at Bermondsey, was afterwards the eminent physician, Sir W. W. Gull.

[The next ten years were spent at home, as apprentice and assistant to his father. His leisure was occupied in the quiet pursuit of useful knowledge. Reading—historical, didactic, and religious—was a supreme recreation, and lead-pencil annotations (a lifelong habit) indicated close perusal. He attended numerous lectures and meetings, also the House of Commons, and knew most of the public men of the day. He compiled books of extracts, scraps, etc., and wrote much himself.

His parents and sisters, Martha and Mary, made an affectionate home circle, and his boy cousins close by, especially Cleeve, Benjamin, and Daniel, were his companions then, and for many years after his contemporaries. The latter became a physician, and practised for nearly sixty years in Trinity Square.]

In February, 1837, my uncle, C. Hooper, died, aged forty-four, my father's esteemed friend and companion in trade and in spiritual things, cousins by birth and brothers-in-law by marriage. He left a family of ten children. He had long been

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ailing from decline, his breath being often much affected. This year I had another escape from injury or death in falling about eighteen feet from our high shed. I was at work, and stepped backward down a loophole. The men below picked me up and carried me into the office, fearing I was hurt seriously. My dear father arrived in much alarm, but found no bones were broken. I was taken home, and felt no ill-effects except the shaking. Overcome by the plain and marked interposition of God's mercy in preserving me, I wrote in a private memorandum-book (still by me) my thoughts of thanksgiving at being spared sudden death, and some solemn feelings as to my fate if my end had come. Again I record His great mercy who preserved me from destruction. To keep it in memory, I put a mark upon the spot, and often looked at it in passing on coming down the step-ladder. A rail was afterwards placed there to prevent a similar accident.

At this time my parents left the ministry of Mr. Hobbs in the City, to attend that of Mr. Denham, then settled nearer our house, and more convenient for our family, then at home. My uncle profited by his preaching, as also did my father and cousin, C. Hooper. Once at a baptizing I sat near the candidates (some of whom I now know, and who have lived, I trust, as Christians), and felt how happy and favoured was their lot, to believe God was theirs, and that Jesus had died for

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their sins. I envied them and such as them beyond any on earth, and wished I could have the same hope.

I do not find many incidents in the next few years, but must record with gratitude one signal mercy which the Lord granted as a striking means of keeping me from many of the follies and sins of youth, especially at the dangerous age of sixteen to nineteen. I know I was not converted, but had many hopes that God, in His own time, would change my heart; yet I loved some amusements which I knew, if converted, I dare not follow, so sometimes was wicked enough to desire, as one of old did: 'Lord, make me good, but not just yet.' The circumstance to which I allude is as follows: Our friend, Mr. T. Bradly, died about 1839, a truly humble, spiritual man. Often have I listened to his savoury conversation with my father, and esteemed him as one of the excellent of the earth. I felt much concern at his death. My father attended the funeral at Chiswick, and though but fifteen or sixteen, I had a dream about him, which left a strong and indelible impression, that his eldest daughter was to be my wife, which was so fixed that it kept my mind steady and expectant during those years when it is apt to be wavering and easily caught, and thus was I saved a thousand painful perplexities. In various ways, though I seldom saw her, my affections were fixed, and I would entertain no other though, strange to say, in 1841, when I

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began to know her, they were entirely dispelled, to my intense disappointment, and at one time indeed most reluctantly. Still, a wise end had been answered, and I would bless the Lord for this great benefit, for it proved an anchor to my mind and affections, and many a prayer did I put up for her; but the sequel proved it was evidently not the Lord's will. In February, 1842, I gave it up, but visited at times the family. They were great friends of ours. The two next sisters were very young—only fifteen, and I turned twenty-one. Occasionally they came to our house, but the eldest I never saw, nor have to this time more than (if) once (November, 1869), twenty-seven years or more.

In January, 1840, I was in a most worldly state through being drawn by some acquaintances into the heat of a contested election. I felt how unsatisfying and vexatious such things were. I was often ashamed of myself and connections and employment. Being engaged to assist, I wrote some verses on the occasion, which were printed, and the mortification of defeat disgusted me, and may have been profitable. I plunged deeply into politics at that time, and found how empty and withering are such contests and excitement; so destructive of any right exercise. This has made me often since fear it, but have been ensnared over and over again, to my wounding and loss. I have tried, often successfully, to strive against and overcome it, avoiding newspapers as a temptation.

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On my birthday, April, 1840, I completed my nineteenth year, and prayed the Lord earnestly on that day, to quicken my soul and bring me to the knowledge of Himself, for I felt sure I had not felt the plague of my heart, nor been dealt with by the Holy Spirit, as I knew those did that were made the happy partakers, by Divine grace, of that spiritual change from death unto life.

In September, 1840, I and my cousin, B. Hooper, went to the Isle of Wight. I now come to the most important part of my short history. May the Lord enable me to record His goodness to me simply and faithfully, to His honour and to the abasement of self, for in His sight no flesh can glory! Yet I would hope that by sovereign, unmerited mercy 'I have therefore whereof I may glory through Jesus Christ in those things which pertain to God' (Rom. xv. 17). In the spring of this year I became more convinced about eternal things, for though I had been, by God's favour and help, kept from the commission of outward sin, to which the natural bent of my mind for retirement, meditation, and reading was a great protection, as I seldom sought company, yet I found I had an evil heart, prone to sin continually, and wicked thoughts would rise and annoy me when I would be free from them. One week evening I heard Mr. Hobbs describe the religion of light only in the intellect, and I felt again the root of the matter was wanting, and that my heart was unchanged. One

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Sunday evening I was left at home, and read Hervey's 'Meditations on Death,' which much affected me. The solemnities of death and judgment caused solemn feelings, so much so that on retiring to rest I could not sleep, and my dear parents, who generally came to see us before they retired, found me in tears, and inquired the cause, which I told them, and they spoke kindly to me. Once, also, I heard a minister (at Jamaica Row) preach from these words: 'Every eye shall see Him, and they also that pierced Him,' which much affected me—so much so that after the service a gentleman spoke to my father, and alluded to my attentive hearing and apparent feeling. The day of judgment had been solemnly spoken of. (These last two incidents, I think, were in an earlier part of my life, probably when about thirteen or fourteen, and should have been narrated before.) About this time Mr. Denham left London, and my parents were unsettled in attendance; and I several times this summer (1840) heard Mr. Joseph Irons at the Grove Chapel, Camberwell, and found blessing under his ministry as setting forth the sinner's state and the only way of salvation by Jesus Christ, revealed to the heart by the Holy Spirit. I was much impressed by the warm and able manner in which the glorious truths of God's Word were set forth, and the methodical arrangement of his discourses much interested me. I was now, and had been for about four years, an apprentice with my father. I dearly

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loved him; and his kind and tender spirit, though it almost unfitted him for the rough conflict of life, endeared him to all that knew him. How often have I regretted ever having caused him pain by my frowardness! But I trust, in the main, I endeavoured to serve him industriously and faithfully, and as such he generally seemed satisfied with me, and oftener had to restrain than urge my efforts in business. When at Ramsgate one Lord's Day afternoon, my dear father took me to visit a dear aged minister, Mr. Edward Goldsmith, known to my grandfather, etc. He had been laid aside from preaching by old age and infirmities for some time, and lived in a small house, with his daughter to attend him. I shall never forget the pleasure and subsequent profit gained by that one interview. The old gentleman sat with a large old Bible before him, his face glowing with delight as he alluded to the preciousness of God's Holy Word to his own soul still, as he had that day tasted and enjoyed it. It seemed a heaven begun below. I think I never saw so happy a man, and his conversation with my father and remarks to me so impressed me that I wrote them down on my return home. Often has that visit been fresh in my memory, and proved indisputably to my own mind the reality of real heart religion, so that amidst declensions, falls, and errors it could never be overthrown, for there I knew was *one* that loved the Lord and had found Him faithful after many years, and was still living

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in the enjoyment of His changeless love. As I pondered this personal testimony to the vitality and value of a religion implanted in the heart from above, I often prayed I might be a partaker of 'like precious faith,' and have a hope that should endure to the end.

He could not have lived long after this, and I was glad, years after, to find some letters of his among my grandmother's papers, and some reference to him in the letters of dear Thomas Hardy, of Leicester.

I remember going with my dear mother on Tuesday morning to St. Bartholomew's Church, near the Bank, and the reverence I felt for that dear aged servant of God, the Rev. Watts Wilkinson. When late we sometimes sat in the vestry, where he was during the reading of prayers, and I used to look at him with much regard, feeling from his venerable appearance a persuasion of his being a holy man.

I cannot more faithfully describe this important period than by copying some papers written by me at that time, more correct, probably, than memory can be after the lapse of twenty-four years, although some of those seasons can never be effaced from the mind. I was then nineteen and a half years old.

June 14, 1840.—At Grove Chapel. 'I do earnestly remember him still.' Mr. Irons spoke of the prisoner in Newgate longing to know his pardon,

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to have it in possession, so the soul desired personal participation.

October 4.—Lord's Day morning. Arose with such a sense of my vileness and despair of God's mercy to such a sinner, so full of backsliding and hypocrisy ; felt I could pour out all my heart before the Lord (could it be said of me, 'Behold he prayeth'?—E. H., 1864) and cried out feelingly, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' This was the substance of my petitions. Asked of Him if it were possible to save one so vile, to show it me by applying with some power the word I should hear that day. Walked to the Grove alone ; noticed God's goodness to man in Nature, but longed to know and feel His goodness to me in grace. In the gallery at chapel prayed the Lord to bless me, and found the hymns suitable. Mr. Irons read Rom. iv., and showed clearly the distinction between pardon and justification, and his prayer was so expressive of my feelings, as if he knew all about my case (as one come that morning for a last trial ; asking for a token for good ; seeking for a knowledge of his interest in Jesus ; one who would give a thousand worlds, if he had them, to know all was right ; seeking long, and at times inclined to give up—might the Lord appear and speak peace). The text was Romans iv. 7 : 'Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, whose sins are covered.' Under the sermon I had a soul-melting view of Jesus' agonies in Gethsemane and on the cross for

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sinners like me; felt overcome with the Lord's goodness in hearing my poor petitions. My heart seemed to run out in love to Him for such a blessing in answer to prayer, and I should have been glad of a place where I could express my feelings; filled with joy and peace such as I had never before tasted. On returning home, as I saw mirth on the countenances of others, felt how poor was their joy to mine. Happiness raised to hope in His mercy; felt that He *would* pardon *me;* loved, adored, thanked, and praised Him all the way home. Was glad to be alone, and in the afternoon read the Word with new feelings and deep interest. Evening. Went with my dear sister Martha to Grove. Ordinance; felt some revival of the morning blessing, and that I could love the Lord as those communicating professed to, and wished I could have joined them. Prayed that I might grow and increase in this blessed knowledge. Sought the Lord earnestly, that I might be more like Jesus. Oh for quickening grace continually!

Tuesday Evening.—Text: 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.' Mr. Irons spoke of the difference between the workings of conscience, causing terror, and the awakening of the spirit, desiring holiness, longing to know interest in Christ; felt some hope that if God had begun the work it could uever be destroyed; saw the vanity of earth.

November 1.—Text: 'My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord.' My

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soul had indeed, longed, expecting to meet the King in His courts, to tell Him all my wants, to find help and encouragement. Seeking souls shall appear before Him clothed in the garments of salvation. All besides a knowledge of Jesus seemed empty. Heard H. Stowell, November 5; very eloquent, but found such oratory no food for a hungry soul.

November 12.—Found some experience of dear Newton's hymns:

> 'I prayed the Lord that I might grow
> In faith and love and every grace, etc.;
> Instead of this, He made me feel
> The hidden evils of my heart.'

Heard Mr. Turner in the evening at Unicorn Yard —'Thou, O God, hast prepared of Thy goodness for the poor.' Described soul poverty, how the holy law took hold of thoughts, and condemned the transgressor to eternal death. Anger, lust, murder, adultery. Saw my depravity, my utter ruin, more of my heart deceitfulness. Conscience brought hidden sins to remembrance; a long arrear and nought to pay. No clothing, no habitation.

November 22.—Mr. I. said, one spiritual emotion after holiness evidenced life in the soul; longed to know more of Jesus' finished salvation.

23*rd*.—Morning. Heard Mr. A. No comfort; had been very busy all day with worldly things; whilst finding the evening portion (Dr. Hawker's), these words caught my eye: 'And this inheritance,

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believer, is thine.' Felt very low, and doubted it was not, could not, be mine; was no believer. Went to rest distressed; trouble for sins great and many. Tried to pray at Jesus' feet, and cast myself and *burdens* there; laid all before Him; asked Him to relieve and help, though He would be just in condemning me to endless woe.

Went to sleep, and in the night of *November* 23, 1840 (*Monday*), had a remarkable *dream*, which I now transcribe from a paper written at the time, (as were the last few pages) which I am rather glad to have this opportunity of preserving, hoping that some day it may interest and encourage some dear to me, for whom (my dear children) I more especially intend this narrative, praying God to bless them with His grace and fear. The impression made by the dream never suffered me to forget it or its effects on my mind at the time.

I dreamed that I was walking along a flat shore. On my left were very high, white cliffs, and on the right the foaming billows were rolling in. My way was on the narrow space between; I was quite naked. I saw floating on the sea a large monster, resembling an alligator or dragon, of terrific appearance, and with open mouth and angry looks, coming towards me. Its colour, I well remember, was green. Fearful as it was, the cliff prevented me from escaping, and to approach the sea was but to place myself in its reach. I ran on, feeling I had nothing to shelter me from its fury, naked and

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destitute as I was, till at last I picked up a ragged shirt on the shore, which I put on, fancying that would be some protection; but it seemed to come closer and closer, and I saw that my then covering was nothing, and that I was still exposed to destruction. Proceeding onwards, I saw a rock projecting from the cliffs, on seeing which I threw away my garment and hid myself behind the craggy summit. There I felt secure, and saw the fearful creature turn back directly and float along the shore away from me. My fears were gone, and the relief from danger was astonishing. It had seemed to come near the rock, but closed its hideous mouth and gripped the end of its tail. After a time I came out of my hiding-place, the danger past, and walked on till I came to a town or some houses, and related what I had seen and how I escaped. They then showed me the same monster lying motionless on the strand. A person present said it must be effectually destroyed, and prepared to use a club he held for that purpose, when another interfered, and said it would be better to kill it by severing its head, and this he did by one stroke of a weapon he held in his hands. I saw the shore covered with deep-coloured blood, flowing for a long way round, and *then awoke*.

I felt some comfort all the next day from recollecting this dream, and meditated much on it and its apparent meaning. Those words came sweetly several times: 'Fleeing to the Rock for want of a

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shelter. He is a Rock: His work is perfect.' But the reader may judge of my surprise at an incident that, though some may think trifling, occurred on Tuesday evening, and came as an apt and clear interpretation of it, and with much comfort, satisfaction, and praise to God, as I heard His voice therein. It was my lot to read a chapter and a hymn before my dear father engaged in prayer in the family, morning and evening. We were then reading Kent's hymns, going through them regularly. I read the chapter, and opened for the hymn which came in its turn, No. 56, C.M., commencing: 'When Paul salvation to proclaim,' and was struck at the fifth verse (with surprise and wonder, for I was not at all familiar with the book), which reads thus:

'Christ is the Rock to which he cleaves,
While Sinai's thunders roll,
Without a rag to hide his shame,
Or clothe his naked soul.'

This I received and felt as a plain interpretation from the Lord, for dreams and all are under His control, and though they may be too much noticed, yet by them He has said He will speak to man. This cleared up and confirmed the exercises of my mind during the day, and filled me with some hope and peace.

Tuesday. — Felt hurt at hearing the name of God heedlessly mentioned at market. Grove, evening. Text: 'Understanding is a well-spring of life to him that hath it.' Feared his touching the latter

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part, lest it would show me I had it not, and so increase distress.

November 26.—Heard Mr. Turner at Unicorn Yard, with some comfort. Acts: 'Where is the place of my rest?' Answer: With the humble and contrite, and tremblers at My word. Some hope. Told J. in returning I feared I was not seeking in the right way. He saw no grounds for doubting, but I felt I dare not claim so great a mercy.

Friday, November 27.—Read in morning Hawker's portion: Amos. Several parts seemed much against me, such as 'The Lord thinketh for evil.' Much cast down all day. In evening told my sisters my dream; felt dull and insensible, and went to my room early. Took my Bible. 'Oh,' thought I, 'shall I read that book? It seems so to condemn me, though I know there is much to comfort and encourage the poor and needy.' Before opening I looked to the Lord earnestly, and prayed to this effect: 'O Lord, am I for ever lost? Are my sins too great to be forgiven? Do, Lord, let me know there is hope, even for me. Allow me to be directed to such a portion of Thy Word on opening this book, that I may be permitted to regard as a revelation of Thy own mind to one so vile as I. I may be wrong, but if I open on a passage of condemnation I feel I shall sink and am undone. But should it be Thy pleasure to direct me to a portion of encouragement, oh, give me faith to

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believe it is from Thee, and may I find sweet encouragement therefrom, and find good ground to hope in Thy mercy!'

Feeling very great anxiety as to the issue, I trembled exceedingly, and separating the leaves, found it was near the close of the prophets. With solemnity of mind I looked up to the Lord, feeling sorry it was not in Gospels or Epistles, and feared it would be Amos again and condemnation, but dare not move the place, so threw open the leaves, and my eyes fell on this passage (Ezek. xxxvi. 36): 'I the Lord build the ruined places, and plant that that was desolate: I the Lord have spoken it, and I will do it.' Do what? I looked to the beginning of the paragraph, verse 25: 'Then will I sprinkle clean water, and ye shall be clean. A new heart also will I give you, and put a new spirit within you. I will cleanse, I will also save you, I will take away the stony heart. I will give you a heart of flesh. Ye shall dwell in the land. Ye shall be My people; I will be your God. Ye shall loathe yourselves,' etc.

Nothing could describe my joy, relief, and thankfulness as I read the blessed and most suitable portion. I received it as a message from the Lord to my soul, and praised Him; felt I could never realize its sweetness enough. Took it to myself: 'I will do so, and to you.' I felt a hope I was one of His; read, laid down the Bible, praised Him; read again. My heart seemed as if it would

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burst with gratitude for His loving-kindness to one so utterly worthless. Has He, then, thoughts of mercy to me in His Divine mind? I fell on my knees with the book, the blessed book, before me, and could say and feel, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His holy name.' It seemed the happiest hour I had ever experienced. I could say:

> 'Sweet was the hour when first I felt
> The Saviour's pardoning blood,
> Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
> And bring me home to God.'
>
> NEWTON.

Monday, November 30. — Read a sermon by Erskine — 'Ye shall drive out the nations before you by little and little.' During the avocations of the day, meditating on the Lord's goodness, praying Him to hasten my deliverance. Going to the City, just crossing Duke Street, these words came with great power: 'I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of: I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest' (Gen. xxviii.); and finding in the evening a sermon of Erskine's on the passage, read it with much feeling. I did feel the promise a stay to my soul, and though twenty-four years have passed since then, still have cause to feel its power, and have done so many times. It seemed, indeed, given to me, and connected with the previous portion in Ezekiel, seemed to come and confirm and seal all that, for

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I felt God had spoken to me then and often since (1864). Oh, I could say, 'Remember the word unto Thy servant upon which Thou hast caused me so to hope.'

Wednesday. — Felt an emptiness in everything but meditating on the Scriptures. They were indeed the joy and rejoicing of my heart, food and marrow to my soul.

Friday.—An untoward circumstance, in which my motives were most unjustly represented, filled me with grief; took it immediately to the Lord, who heard and answered, and, without my ever touching it, all was made straight.

Sunday.—Prayer answered about going to Grove. Asked the Lord to open the way. Had always heretofore had a difficulty, from my mother's opposition and regret at my going. Without a word of asking, parents granted me permission to go. At dinner-time that text troubled me: 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' Wanted to ask H. L., but had no opportunity, so went to my room and found answer: Jesus the only Way, the sinner's Friend.

Monday. — Felt those words sweet: 'He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.'

Tuesday. — Felt communion with the Lord all day; could pour out my heart to Him. Counted the hours before service; walked to chapel; felt

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in C. Churchyard, content to lie there with assurance of interest in Jesus.

Wednesday. — Jewin Crescent. Phil. iv. 15: 'Peace of God which passeth all understanding.' None but conquered rebels had it; felt what a privilege to know the Lord; sins forgiven; felt He had conquered me and taken possession.

Thursday.—Turner, Deptford. Ps. cii. 20: 'He looked down; from heaven did the Lord behold the earth; to hear the groaning of the prisoner.' Hope much confirmed.

About March, 1842, one evening returning from John Street in an omnibus, those lines (three verses) came with sent power on my spirit. I could not describe. Every word seemed full of power and meaning: 'Ah, but for free and sovereign grace,' etc.; 'But oh, amazed, I see the hand,' etc.; 'To fear His Name, to trust His grace,' etc.

I could see how any measure of spiritual blessing would more than compensate earthly loss or trial. It was a sweet visit; I could never forget it—is fresh now, twenty-two years since. On August 17, 1842, I heard Mr. I. Bayfield at Jewin Crescent (supply one week evening for Mr. Irons) from those words respecting the mercy-seat, 'There will I meet with thee,' and found it a special season of love to my soul. There comes the sinner, with all his wants and sorrows, sins and fears, and there in Jesus God meets him with love, pardon, compassion, and mercy. I had left the Grove in

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January, 1842, my parents wishing me to attend Regent Street, my mother grieved at my disinclination (the family referred to also attended there); but I did not find the word profitable, and after nine months returned to the Grove, September, 1842.

My memorial, September 9, 1842 (?); letter home, September 19, 1842 (?).

I at times found my soul refreshed as before, and trust it was the Lord's blessing, though some part has since been shown me as creature admiration and natural judgment edified; but the Lord knows I went to and fro with earnest prayer, and longed for my heart to be weaned from the world, and made and kept right before Him.

I was of age in the previous April, and continued helping my father, and had on my majority the offer of a week's tour, so I chose to go alone to Olney, Weston, Bedford, and Turvey—scenes dear to me in memory of men I loved for the truth's sake, and whose writings I much revered: Newton, Cowper, Bunyan, L. Richmond, Howard, etc. This I much enjoyed, and never can forget, and have still memorials of it. Heard old Mr. T. Fry at Emberton, morning; Turvey Church, afternoon; and Dr. Langley, Olney, evening. Arrived home safely.

This visit especially deepened his interest in William Cowper. He met some few elderly residents at Olney and Weston who could remember

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the poet, and one old man related several reminiscences of those sad latter years when the mental affliction intensified the nervous dread that so haunted the gentle, sensitive genius. Walking, and seeming suddenly to realize that if he returned by the road he might meet someone, Cowper would make his way home by fields and hedges to shun observation.

Mr. Hooper again visited Olney some thirty-eight years after with his eldest daughter, from Northampton.

The 'Regent Street' referred to was a chapel in a small street of that name near the City Road Bridge, where Mr. George Abrahams, a converted foreign Jew, was minister. He is mentioned by the famous George Müller, who knew him soon after his migration to England, as in tried circumstances and making little advance in English. He surmounted these difficulties, and settled down in a comfortable pastorate over a well-to-do congregation, to whom he preached for thirty-five years, till his death in 1867.

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CHAPTER III

MARRIAGE AND BUSINESS (1844–1854)

In 1843 the home circle was broken by the marriage of Martha to Mr. James Hay, of Sunderland. The wedding took place at Southampton; Mr. George Abrahams performed the ceremony. The curious reason for having it so far away was to avoid the quizzing of a lady who lived opposite.

Soon after, the remaining daughter, Mary, became the second wife of Mr. Joseph Sturton, of Cambridge.

In 1842 E. Hooper first saw (at the home of her married sister) Emma, the youngest daughter of Mr. Williams, of Sleaford. She was then twenty-one. Before continuing the narrative a few particulars of her father will be interesting.

Mr. Rowland Williams, born in 1775, had migrated from Wales to the Midlands toward the close of the eighteenth century, working at his trade of a journeyman whitesmith. He married early, but soon lost his young wife Ann, who died in 1801. It was a crushing bereavement, and speaking of it to his family many years after, he said: 'When she was laid in the grave I would fain have died and been

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buried with her.' His brother settled as a draper at Retford, and he commenced business as an ironmonger at Sleaford. He married again, and, having no family, one day noticed a little child belonging to a gipsy woman, who, not appearing to care much for it, agreed to part with it for a copper kettle. Shortly after she returned weeping, with the kettle in her hand, to take back her child.

His parental love was afterwards satisfied by a family of two sons and eight daughters, who grew up to be capable and worthy men and women. Their mother, Mary, died September 21, 1828, aged forty-eight years. Her youngest daughter, then seven years old, remembered her as a gentle, affectionate creature, who, caressing the delicate little girl she was so soon to leave, would lovingly whisper, 'My darling pale-face.'

Mr. Williams' business became large and prosperous. In 1845 it was made over to his two sons, and he, then seventy years old, resided at a house he had built in Northgate, Sleaford, until his death, June 16, 1862.

He was a man of fine appearance, strong, somewhat stern character, sound judgment, and great energy. His active habits continued after his retirement. Rising early, he walked before breakfast on the Lincoln Road. A quiet hour of devotional reading was followed by various duties—some days in the garden and paddock, or a drive in the gig drawn by Sancho, the fat pony, to his little

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farm at Ruskington Fen; often a walk to the shop or to Old Sleaford, where Mrs. Payne lived, the only one of his daughters who had settled in the town. Sometimes his property accounts, rent audit, or visits from tenants occupied him at home, besides the not infrequent visits of his children and grandchildren, concerning whom he quaintly used to say: 'I'm glad to see them come, and I'm glad to see them go.' The even tenor was diversified by an annual journey with Sancho to Skegness for a few weeks' residence by the sea, or a very occasional visit to the home of one of his married daughters.

His grandchildren had happy remembrances of the fine old man, his venerable face, penetrating eyes, grave demeanour, and wise sayings. Walking one day with one of his little grandsons, he pointed out an old garden, sadly neglected, and with ruinous gate and wall, remarking: 'When we get home we'll read about it in the Bible.' The expectant child was bidden to read aloud Prov. xxiv. 30-34, and never forgot the incident.

Emma Hooper was in her childhood so delicate as to cause concern and necessitate much care. She was sent to live at Skegness and Mablethorpe, then isolated villages on the coast. The strong sea air brought health and recovery from lameness, and she grew up healthy and vigorous beyond many. She possessed, what is rare, a perfect denture throughout her life.

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The introduction referred to led to an engagement which continued for some two years, Ebenezer Hooper making occasional journeys to Sleaford by the stage coach, and carrying on a correspondence in striking contrast to much of that order. A specimen will give some idea of it.

2, BERWICK PLACE,
January 3, 1843.

MY EMMA,

. . . Your mention of Cowper reminds me to tell you that he is the writer and poet whom I most admire, both as to his life, style, and matter; read him, and I am sure the more you do so you will love him more, and I have no doubt derive great profit from his writings. I could not tell you what I have enjoyed—hours and hours over his sweet and feeling language, descriptions, and deeply learned spirituality. Oh that, like him, we could see God in everything! I think I told you of a visit I made last year to his scenes of cherished memory in and near Olney and Weston, where he spent the great portion of his valued life. I enjoyed it much, and often think of it with delight. I had longed for four or five years to go, out of esteem for his character and productions. I have his life, letters, and poems in eight volumes; should you ever from his poems feel as great an interest (or any of it) in him as I once did, and like to know more of him, I should be pleased to send them, or may I some day hope to read them and much more

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to you? I will tell you my favourite authors—Cowper first, J. Newton (his friend), Toplady, Romaine, Legh Richmond, Hervey, Hawker, Krummacher, and Huntington, all of which I give you leave to read as much as you like, confident that you will not fail to be the better by the works of any of them. Thomson, Milton, etc., I have read and admired.

2, BERWICK PLACE,
April 3, 1843.

MY DEARLY BELOVED EMMA,

. . . Natural bonds, however strong, will soon, very soon, dissolve, but this cannot be destroyed here nor after death. Oh, agonizing thought, that one we love here shall be separated from us after death! Oh, transporting consideration, to solace and support us amid the trials of the wilderness, that in death we shall not be divided!

SLEAFORD,
October 16, 1843.

MY DEAREST EBENEZER,

. . . I can assure you I feel quite in your debt in the letter way. Well, I must write again as soon as possible, or I am afraid I shall not get such good measure. . . . I have not touched my chair since you left, so you may guess how busy I have been. Give my love to Mary. I am afraid she will think me very negligent in not writing; I will if possible this week. . . . I did think of you

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yesterday; if I had wings I should have flown over to Camberwell. I expect you will call me a silly girl to run on in this way. I cannot help it; when I read his sermons I feel excited, and think I should love to hear him again. If it were not for crosses and troubles we should be swallowed up in the vanities of this life. Oh, my dear Ebenezer, what a favour to live in the enjoyment of real religion! it is only there true happiness can be found. What are all outward services? They are only dead forms without the Spirit's application. I often think when I leave the chapel what better am I for it,—my thoughts wandering, and my mind fixed on anything rather than better things. A week to-day since we parted; I can remember every circumstance. I do feel the separation, but it will not be for long. You must excuse these hasty lines, and accept, my dearest Ebenezer, the most affectionate love of

Your truly sincere and attached

EMMA.

I thought this would be better than nothing. Give my love to all friends.

The wedding took place at Sleaford Church on September 24, 1844. The previous evening, word was sent to the Vicar, Dr. Yerbergh, that a couple were to be married at 8 a.m., and the worthy doctor, not realizing who the parties were, instructed his curate to attend. From the garden-gate of

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Northgate Street house the happy wedding-party walked, almost unobserved, down the quiet lane to the church; but before the service was over a group of interested townspeople had assembled, and a small company of boys, gathered under the auspices of mischievous brother Sam (who acted as fugleman), gave three cheers.

The wedding breakfast over (it was really a breakfast in those times), a post-chaise bore away the bride and bridegroom. Their ten days' honeymoon was spent amidst the beauties of Matlock and district, and one Sunday at Tansley Church, to hear the Rev. Hely Smith, a minister of somewhat unusual gift.

But 'a bolt out of the blue' was descending. Mr. Thomas Hooper, then in the prime of life, had been taken ill, and so serious were the symptoms that Mrs. Hooper wrote to her son, who at once returned to London.

The dying father affectionately welcomed home his son and the young bride. The son bade him not to let business anxiety burden his mind. 'I have come back, father, to look after the business, and hope you will soon get better.' This was not to be. The end of care was near in another and more perfect manner. Doubts and fears that had so beset his trembling faith, and the deep sense of insufficiency and unworthiness that had so bowed his meek, gentle spirit, were followed by a sunset hour of such assurance of acceptance in Christ

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that took away all fear, and induced a sweet desire to depart.

> 'At evening time there shall be light,
> For God hath spoken: it must be.'

He died on October 12, 1844 (aged fifty years eleven months), and a few days later E. Hooper accompanied the hearse and driver a long road journey, viâ Croydon, Godstone, and East Grinstead, to Lewes, where the interment took place at the family vault, All Saints' Churchyard.

The events of this period are thus described in E. Hooper's autobiography and current letters :

But now I trust the Lord showed the one chosen for me, in my introduction (at her sister's, Mrs. S.) to the dear and beloved partner of my life, dear Emma Williams, the youngest daughter of a large family at Sleaford ; well and usefully, but not intelligently, brought up, of little reading and information, and who had rigidly attended an old, profitless, dry Huntingtonian ministry. I felt no particular drawing to her on first sight—rather the opposite; but on acquaintance felt a sincere regard for many good qualities I saw in her, and a firm and true affection that has never wavered or weakened after years of trials. She was, indeed, one of a thousand—humble, truthful, kind, and firm and consistent in her judgment. My chief concern was to know she was one of the Lord's people, and as she stayed in London five or six weeks I had means of discovering

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her sincere attachment to the truth and the followers of it, and anxious desire to know her interest in it, and not to rest upon a form and profession of godliness merely. Her honesty on this all-important point convinced me she was a real seeker and consistent in her walk, much despising the vanities and follies of the world, but solid in her conversation, industrious and active in her manner, and kind in her disposition. Consequently, after seeing her off early one morning by coach from Bishopsgate Street, I wrote to her father asking permission to correspond with her, and during a courtship of near two years, during which time I paid five or six visits to Sleaford, had every proof and satisfaction we were suited for each other, and might expect the blessing of God upon our union, which took place at Sleaford Church, Tuesday morning, September 24, 1844, after many prayers during our intimacy that it might be for our good, according to God's will and to His glory; and I trust it has been, for few, if any, unions could be happier and more compatible (except afterwards on one point) than ours happily was. In views, tastes, opinions, we were entirely one; and trust I and doubt not were one in the blessed hope of the Gospel.

The day itself was very happy and quiet; all went off cheerfully, and not a jar or mishap of any kind. Mr. W. had recently broken his arm, but was able to attend, and many relatives joined in hearty congratulations and good wishes.

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We proceeded to Nottingham that day, viâ Grantham and Bottesford, and on to Matlock. But in this life our joys and sorrows are mingled, and for wise purposes. Perhaps to correct and chasten our pleasures, lest we be too elated. Perhaps to show the vanity of earthly good.

[The following letter reached Matlock soon after their arrival :]

GRANGE,
September 28, 1844.

MY DEAR SON,

We were gratified to receive yours, to find you are enjoying yourself with your dear wife, and that the weather still continues favourable for your journeying about, which must doubtless add much to your pleasure and comfort, and being now, my dear son, not twain but one flesh, we heartily congratulate you on this eventful period of your life, sincerely desiring the Lord may crown your career with His especial blessing, and bless you and yours with one heart, one mind, and one way; and may time unfold to you, for your mutual satisfaction, that the matter is of the Lord, and that during a long succession of years you may be indeed blest by Him and made a blessing to each other, and 'make each daily burden light by taking mutual share,' and thus prove to be true yoke-fellows and heirs and helpers of the heavenly inheritance.

Hope it is well with you, and that in this joyous season your mind and heart may be kept mindful

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of your good God and Saviour, who hath led you thus far, and glorify Him with your bodies and spirits.

As regards your returning home, I must leave it with you. Not being busy I can do without help a little longer, but we should like to have timely notice of the time when you think of returning. Your dear mother unites with me in kind love to dear E. and yourself. In much haste,

From your affectionate father,

THOMAS HOOPER.

After being at Matlock for eight or ten days, intending to stay two weeks, I had occasional foreboding of coming sorrow. My dear father had been ailing for some time, and his mind seemed affected and shaken by weakness of body and anxiety, accelerated by losing my dear sister and myself, and the expected removal from Bermondsey, where he had long lived (about thirty years), to Holloway, and to a style he felt unfitted for and unable to bear, and unsuitable to his long-formed habits and tastes.

May 11, 1874.—My beloved Emma was enjoying the happy event of our pleasant experience in a congenial and endeared union, to an extent as far as could be in this changing life, and more than could be expected to continue long or without alloy. On Saturday morning, October 5, I arose early, with a foreboding depression that our cup was too

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full of pleasure, and would necessarily have other ingredients to mar or dilute it. My dear relatives at home, mother and Mary, had in kind consideration withheld any information of my dear father's increasing illness both of mind and body, not wishing to spoil our stay or trouble us, but that morning a letter arrived which by some neglect we ought to have received on the Friday. My dear wife held it up to me at the bedroom window as I walked in the garden. I went indoors, and, taking it, said, 'Oh, Emma, I know it contains bad news;' and so it proved, for it informed us as carefully as possible of his weakness and opinions of doctors, etc.

BERWICK PLACE,
October 3, 1844.

MY DEAR SON,

I am unwilling to disturb your present enjoyment, but I feel it my duty to inform you of the state of things at home and in the dwelling you have left; we know not what a day or hour may bring forth, but your poor father is very unwell—not up yesterday till nearly one, and not been up to-day yet.

Decided to send for a doctor. He does not know what time 'tis of the day, nor what and when I bring him anything. He must, I'm sure, be kept quiet. I prevented his going to the yard to-day from his bed, which he actually did yesterday directly he arose, without even waking me, and without my

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knowledge, his beef-tea standing waiting for him to take.

I regret to spoil or damp your pleasure just now, but so it is, and sweets are mixed with bitters.

May the Lord help us and deliver in the time of trouble as before, for I can only look to the Rock that is higher than I.

Your ever affectionate mother,

M. HOOPER.

Our duty was plain—to forego all future prospective pleasure (for with such tidings came an end to all enjoyment), to return immediately. We hastily packed up, and paid our bills, then took the earliest train from Ambergate to London, where we arrived in the evening at our new home, 10, Bermondsey Square, and found all comfortable for us. We hastened to the house of mourning. My dear father was pleased to see us, and affectionately recognising my dear Emma as one of our family, gave us a sincere and Christian blessing, individually and mutually. I found he had suffered a severe paralytic stroke, which the medical man in daily attendance had not discovered, although it affected one side, and was noticed by Dr. Back (whom we sent for) directly he looked at him on entering the room. He closed one eye with his hand, and asked, 'Now, Mr. Hooper, can you see me?' 'No,' said my dear father. He gradually sank, yet was favoured to retain his mental faculties

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to the last, except at the final stupor of death. Indeed, he conversed with various friends and relatives who called, with an unusual clearness and vivacity, and in a tone of sweet confidence as to his interest in Christ, far beyond anything he had expressed in former years, having always been diffident and fearful, and brought to no settled point as to his standing, yet godly, humble, tender in his walking before men and before God. It was never his desire (until urged by a minister, G. A., he reluctantly consented) to partake of the Lord's Supper at Regent Street, and he assured the writer that (like many more) he had never found the slightest enjoyment in that ordinance. I felt there was much mercy in the ordering of events and times in the Lord's hand, that our marriage was permitted to take place although only just before his illness and death. It brought comfort in sorrow, and the contrary would much have added to trial and perplexity, what with my own family and business devolving on me.

His happy expressions of confidence and love to God were especially cheering to hear and to remember. Light shone in the dark valley. The Lord was his joy, strength, and salvation. Many were astonished who had known his retiring, misgiving state for years ; among others, Mr. G. Holden and Mr. E. Morris (Mr. Abrahams did not visit him during the illness). My mother and sister were much cut up, yet great sympathy was shown by

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many who loved him for his own and for the Lord's sake.

(*Here ends the Autobiography.*)

This bereavement plunged E. Hooper into responsibilities and anxieties he little expected. To take over a heavy business, withdraw a substantial part of the capital to pay testamentary expenses and outstanding liabilities, involved care and effort that sorely taxed his resources. Tanning, an old, rich, protected industry, with its duties and privileges, had recently been disturbed by fiscal changes and new conditions that lessened its former easy profits.

Their first home in London was the corner house in Bermondsey Square. Here the three eldest children were born. A faithful servant, Mary Hall, remained with them several years. At the annual house cleaning she took possession of any partly-used physic that might be left, remarking that it was a shame to waste anything, and taking it promiscuously when so disposed. Notwithstanding, she lived till 1879, being seventy-four years of age, and a pensioner of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society.

The subsequent residences in London were 172, Grange Road, where Stephen and Lydia were born, and latterly Grange Walk, a comfortable old Georgian house, reminiscent of the days when Bermondsey had been a residential suburb.

During the early years of their married life they worshipped at Grove Chapel as regularly as distance

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and family cares permitted. Otherwise they attended Unicorn Yard, or the ministry of Mr. Chivers and Mr. Stringer, who were near. The three eldest children were 'christened' by the Rev. J. Irons. With clearer views as to baptism, this rite was not observed with the succeeding children. The tirades against Baptists and immersion which Mr. Irons fulminated at his 'baptismal' services led E. Hooper, and not a few others, to look into the subject, with results that increased the worthy minister's soreness on that point.

During these early years Mrs. Martha Hooper, E. Hooper's mother, occasionally came over from Islington to see her beloved grandchildren. She survived her husband six and a half years, dying in May, 1851, aged fifty-seven.

About this time E. and Emma Hooper became acquainted with the Rev. Frederic Tryon, B.A., whose ministry and teaching deeply impressed them, and exercised a remarkable influence over Emma Hooper during the remainder of her life. Of good family, means, and social position, he, after a University career, was ordained in Durham Cathedral a clergyman of the Established Church, and subsequently appointed Vicar of Deeping St. James, in South Lincolnshire. After some months his mind was exercised with convictions of spiritual truth that became more and more irreconcilable with his position as a priest, solemnly bound to doctrines and rites which now appeared erroneous.

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Meantime his earnest ministry and care for souls, in such marked contrast to the perfunctory deadness around, attracted many anxious for light and guidance. At length, feeling he could no longer honestly continue his office, he seceded, with much heart conflict and consciousness of all that it involved. Such a step cannot be lightly taken by any man. Renouncement of social position, prestige, opportunities, is painful in any case; in his it ended possibilities of preferment that with such influence as his family possessed might have led up to a mitre.

Mr. Tryon was now in his early prime, nearly thirty years of age. Referring to his future career, he said: 'I promised the Bishop of this diocese that I would look after the flock, and I will do so.' He built a chapel at St. James, Deeping, which became the loved place of worship for an earnest congregation, and his own chief sphere of ministry for sixty-three years, till his death in March, 1903, at the age of ninety.

Like many others who have passed through a similar experience, there was a striking individuality in his teaching. Solemn in word and manner, whether in the pulpit or out, its tendency was to produce conviction, introspection, self-judgment, ever bordering on self-condemnation, and denial, bordering on asceticism. Dreading anything akin to the worldly religiousness of the ecclesiasticism from which he had escaped, and knowing little of

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any other, there was an aloofness that was reproduced in his adherents, both in the locality and in London, and that made them a kind of separate party among the Strict Baptists, to whom they most nearly approximated. This spirit led them to avoidance of and contempt for other Christians, often to a denial of their being Christians.

With an overweening, in some cases semi-idolatrous, admiration for their leader, they were prone to despise and malign all others, and the bitter fruits of this spirit appeared (as in so many similar cases) in alienation of families and friends—painful realities, long since past, yet leaving their shadows on what might have been so much more bright and blessed.

Strict and particular as E. and Emma Hooper had previously been in avoiding all that savoured of worldliness, they were now moved to more rigid abnegation. The piano was disposed of. A weekly fast was instituted and privately observed by the dear mother during the remainder of her life.

The periodical visits of Mr. Tryon to London resulted in the gathering of a little company, who rented a large unused Episcopal chapel in Brown's Lane. Here, as distance and family cares permitted, E. and Emma Hooper attended for a time, the latter whilst they continued in London. The early Sunday morning walk, with one or two of the elder children, was along Bermondsey Street, narrow, quiet, and dismal; Tooley Street, over

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London Bridge eastward, till beyond Aldgate the open shops, the squalid crowds, the Jew butchers at their stalls, seemed like another world. Here a turn into a narrow street brought them to the sombre edifice whose prosperous days had departed, and whose former worshippers either slept in East End graveyards, or had moved to localities more attractive than Whitechapel.

The chapel, with its galleries and seats for a large congregation, was occupied by the little company, perhaps fifty or less, who sat in and near the 'table pew.' From various parts of London had they come. One family, its matron dressed almost like the garb of some 'order,' travelled from Chelsea. Another elderly person was in charge of the hall of a rich City company. Some were mechanics or small tradesmen. All were earnest and solemn in manner, the women, even those that must have been young, dressed plainly, almost to ugliness, the few children wistful and awestruck.

As Mr. Tryon was only there once a month on a week-night, and rarely on a Sunday, the service was led by grave elders: the hymns, generally three, given out two lines at a time, were slowly sung to old tunes; two prayers, each of twenty minutes or longer, with the set phrases that always came in; reading of Scripture, with some exposition, generally tinged with the experience and feeling of the speaker, sometimes interspersed with grotesque interpretations of difficult passages; occasionally

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an ancient sermon was read; and so, when almost two hours had passed, the benediction was pronounced, the members of the fellowship sadly shook hands, some to return home, others to have their dinner in the vestry and stay for the afternoon prayer-meeting.

To E. Hooper this condition was never satisfactory. He could not feel that blessing received through the ministry of one of God's servants should lead to ignoring and separating from all others. He resented, perhaps at times hastily, the self-assertion and domineering of some would-be lieutenants, who made mischief and curried favour by misrepresenting things to their leader. Their after-life was, in not a few cases, a strange contrast to their then beliefs and actions; in a few instances manifest evil living followed, and discredited the hard and rigid sanctimony they formerly assumed.

To Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, E. Hooper sometimes journeyed. It was one of the cathedrals of that line of Christian thought, and the 'supplies' numbered its leading exponents—none greater than the cultured J. C. Philpot, M.A., none more original than dear honest old John Kershaw. At times Grove Chapel, where Mr. Irons' ministry was nearing its close, and occasionally a London church, where J. C. Ryle, then a young clergyman of Helmingham, Suffolk, preached a solemn, incisive sermon (one of his famous tracts vocalized), found E. Hooper

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and one or two of his elder children among the audience.

It was a time of much deep mental conflict. Whilst not doubting as to what was truth, he felt unable to confine himself to that peculiar presentation of it which many of his circle, and even dear Emma Hooper, from her secluded and devotional standpoint, looked upon as adequate.

One day, in much perplexity of thought and supplication for guidance, he went (during a business round) into a place for refreshment. A secular paper lay on the table, and, casually reading it, two lines arrested his attention. They were a quotation of verse beginning, as near as memory serves, 'Search out the truth where'er 'tis found.' He felt the words were a Divine direction and answer to his prayers.

Regarding as unscriptural the self-centred religion of the school he belonged to, and its neglect (even dislike) of gospel testimony and evangelical effort, he sought for a more practical form of church life; but his doctrinal proclivities and associations deterred him from going outside to find it. He became a teacher in Great George Street Sunday-school, a vigorous unconnected organization; and in the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, Stirling tracts, and other quiet ways, strove to serve the cause of God.

Meantime the daily routine of family life and business went on. A few extracts from Emma Hooper's diary gives a glimpse of this:

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January 4, 1848.—E. and I went to Finsbury to meet Mrs. Hooper and Mary Sturton.

April 24.—Walked in the Borough shopping.

Thursday, 25.—I was confined of dear little Emma Mary at ten minutes before nine o'clock in the morning.

May 1.—Naomi called to see me. Dear little Eb was very ill with inflammation on the lungs.

Sunday, May 14.—I was down to dinner first time. Ebenezer went to hear the Archbishop.

22*nd*.—M. took dear little Ebenezer (who looked very ill) to Dr. Rees.

July 10.—Dear little Eb went to Norwood.

16*th*.—Went in the afternoon to see poor little Eb at Norwood ; took baby.

In August the diary mentions her visit to her father at Sleaford, returning home on September 25.

25*th*.—Heard Mr. Stringer.

26*th*.—Dear E. and I walked to Lowther Arcade and bought the children some toys.

28*th*.—Dear little Ebenezer took several steps alone for the first time.

During the year mention is made of hearing Messrs. J. Irons, Hobbs, Chiffers, and Brooks.

About 1850 the system of medicine called homeopathy commended itself to E. and Emma Hooper, and a local practitioner, Dr. Powell, became their medical attendant. Without any discussion as to

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the merits of the system, it was, in this case, a blessing to the family, especially the young children. Their ailments were treated by simple, tasteless doses and sensible regimen, instead of nauseous drugs that tortured, sometimes permanently injured, and not seldom killed, so many helpless children in those days of 'physic.' A severe epidemic of cholera raged with fatal effect in South London in the early fifties. Deaths of neighbours and acquaintances occurred with solemn suddenness. E. Hooper sickened, and for some hours the worst was feared.

The children were taken to his bedside that he might see them once more. Though they were too young to understand, the eldest had a vivid and painful feeling that the few pathetic words his father spoke might be the last. Happily, the remedies were blessed, and a rapid recovery ensued.

About this period the second boy had a wonderful escape from death. One day, having gone with his brother for a ride in the van, and returning over London Bridge, on the slow tier, he, unobserved by the carman, fell over the back on to the granite roadway. A heavy waggon was following close behind, but the driver was alert and pulled up sharply. Willing hands lifted the little fellow out of danger. He was soon at home, a medical man sent for, and a broken collar-bone (the only injury) carefully set.

The health of children and wife was benefited

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by an annual stay at the seaside. Worthing was Emma Hooper's favourite place, and there many summers they spent a month at the house of Mrs. Richardson, wife of the town crier. On one occasion only they stayed at Hastings, from whence she wrote the following letter :

HASTINGS,
August 25, 1851.

MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

Your letter was quite a relief to my feelings, as I had been in great trouble in a dream, and thought you were dead. The only thing that seemed to console me was the thought that you were at rest; but the dream made me feel dull in the morning, and your few lines, coming just at the time, were so acceptable. How good the Lord is to us in sparing us to each other to the present time! I wish I could live more to the honour of God. I hope I have been better since you left, but feel very weary at the end of the day. I was not able to go to chapel yesterday; baby was so irritable I could not leave him. Sarah went to Zoar with Ebbe and E. M. I shall hope to see you Thursday. I could not promise the children to S. Martin. I feel some steps must be taken. I hope we may do that which is right. This has been a beautiful day, but the sea too rough to bathe. We take all the air we can. . . . May we be spared to meet in safety, and truly thankful hearts given us that we may view our mercies in a right spirit, and

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not think too lightly of them, as I seem so often to do!

With kindest love, believe me, as ever, your very affectionate wife,

EMMA HOOPER.

Among E. Hooper's manuscripts is one endorsed, 'A visit from the Lord to my soul, Lord's Day, 28 March, 1853. He teacheth to profit; none teacheth like Him.' It records a remarkably joyous experience of forgiveness and communion after he had 'for some time desired to be led into the more intimate knowledge of the Son of God: to know Jesus as my Saviour; to feel I have a faith that unites me to Him. . . . I felt a peculiar blessing in dear Bunyan's "No way to heaven but by Jesus Christ."'

During 1853 E. Hooper heard John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, at the Surrey Gardens and Exeter Hall. Gough's powerful appeals and arguments led him to take a lifelong interest in the cause of Temperance Reform, at that time viewed with suspicion and even abhorrence by most religious people.

One week-evening in 1854, in company with his little son, E. Hooper attended service at New Park Street Chapel. The preacher was a youth from the country, afterwards to become so famous and honoured in the ministry of Christ—Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

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So the years passed. Six children were born in London. Henry and Hannah Ball and Elizabeth Hughes had come into what proved to be many years of faithful service, and the beginning of a lifelong friendship.

An unexpected event was near. One hot summer evening in 1854, Emma Hooper and her eldest son were alone, and conversation turned on the charms of country life. The child's fancy pictured its pleasures. The dear mother responded with memories of her own rural girlhood. The father came home from business, and the subject was recounted to him. He remarked pleasantly that he had noticed an advertisement of a tanyard for sale at a place called Redhill, but he thought it was over : he would see. On inquiry the property was found to be still on hand. A visit of inspection followed ; negotiations and purchase ensued, and before the summer of 1854 ended, Mr. G. Holden, of Cranleigh, had almost completed various additions and renovations to the house and sheds.

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CHAPTER IV

REDHILL (1854–1864)

In October the family moved down. The goods came by road under the care of faithful Henry Ball, who, on one journey, brought down the two eldest boys, aged seven and nine, a long, strange day's experience to them, and a weird introduction, at eventide, to the old-fashioned place that was to be their new home.

The change was beneficial. Ten years amidst pleasant surroundings and country air conduced to a degree of health the children had not previously enjoyed.

A severe winter (1854-1855) soon set in. Snow fell thick, and lasted for weeks. It was the awful period of the stupid Crimean War, when hundreds of poor fellows were dying in misery to maintain the cruel authority of Turkey.

Early in 1855 the seventh child, Nathanael, was born. The ancient nurse journeyed from Deeping to take charge of mother and child, and 'Dr.' Sargant, of Reigate, a hearty, well-qualified practitioner of the old school (a pupil of Abernethy's),

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was the medical attendant, and so continued whilst the family remained at Redhill.

Redhill was then in the beginning of its existence. There was a small hamlet of picturesque old cottages, with a few better houses, one a fine old Jacobean mansion in Linkfield Street. At the foot of Red Hill, the sandy elevation which afterwards gave its name to the whole district, were a number of squatters' cottages, and amidst them a church had been built some fifteen years before. West of the then new railway-station ('Reigate Junction,' built one and three-quarter miles from Reigate town, to avoid the opposition the magnates there displayed to railways), were a few poor shops and cottages, and three or four recently-laid-out streets, called 'Warwick Town,' the land having been leased by the Countess of Warwick.

A few better houses were dotted about the higher ground. One, with an observatory, was the home of Mr. Carrington, an astronomer of some note in his day. Excepting a few newcomers attracted by the railway, the inhabitants were natives, with a rural quaintness almost untouched by the outside world.

Places of worship were few. Besides St. John's aforesaid, then in charge of Rev. H. Goss, Sydney Turner, a clergyman of some note in reformatory work, was chaplain at the Philanthropic, and the Rev. W. Kelk was incumbent at a newly-erected chapel of ease in Station Road. Noncon-

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formity was only represented by an ancient Friends' meeting-house; the Congregational Chapel at Reigate, whose minister, Mr. Rees, was then permanently invalided; and a Plymouth Brethren 'room,' in the house of a worthy brother with good desires and many crotchets. The nearest Baptist causes were at Outwood, Horley, Brockham, and Tadworth, all much too remote.

Services were arranged to be held in one of the warehouses, a long, low-pitched apartment, lit up with candles, to which the curious neighbours were piloted round a somewhat dangerous labyrinth of tanpits by the elder boys, furnished with lanterns. Venerable Uncle George Holden, a village preacher of long experience, in the garb of a past generation, knee breeches, 'small clothes,' tail-coat, and white neckerchief, conducted the services, and preached his Latimer-like sermons, full of homely, rural illustrations that appealed to country folk.

These meetings led to friendships with 'serious' persons, especially some Strict Baptists, members at Brockham and Tadworth, but residing in the parish. They had in their poverty begun to put by small sums, praying that in years to come, perhaps in their children's time, a place of worship might be erected.

A weekly lecture was established at the Tunnel Vaults, Reigate, and old Mr. Biddle, of Brockham, came over in his pony-chaise to preach. Soon regular Sunday meetings were established at the

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Mechanics' Institute, Warwick Road, and supplies from London, Croydon, and elsewhere were entertained by E. and Emma Hooper. So it continued for upwards of three years. The little company had increased in numbers and hopefulness, and, under the able management of E. Hooper, the finances warranted the purchase of land in the best part of Station Road. Mr. Muggeridge, of Dorking, was engaged as architect. The new Baptist Chapel was opened on July 21, 1858. Mr. Shadwell preached the last sermon at the Institute — text: 'What think ye of Christ?'—and the three opening services were conducted by Mr. Chandler, Mr. Covell, and Mr. Field. The following Sunday Septimus Sears occupied the pulpit.

To take up a position like this was not without its cross in a small countryside, but E. and Emma Hooper had a depth of principle that enabled them to bear with patience the coldness and contumely of local society (often of inferior social standing), and the sometimes undue familiarity of the humble people with whom they came in contact.

All the meetings were most regularly attended by E. Hooper and Emma Hooper (when able), and such of the children that were old enough—twice each Sunday, besides Sunday-school; Monday evening prayer-meeting, and Thursday evening service. No company was invited that could hinder; no excuses were allowed. 'Brief and bright' had not

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come into the programme, but there was a feeling of solemnity that somehow impressed the children, as they heard the old tunes, stood up and turned round at prayer, and listened to the one hour's experimental sermon.

The orderly household arrangements, consistently maintained by both parents, were conducive to the children's physical and moral good. There was more contentment and peace with so many than is often found with only a few where laxity and irregularity prevail. E. Hooper, though not naturally 'a children's man,' took much interest and pains in providing intellectual recreation. He sometimes awakened their curiosity by putting up on the nursery wall at early morning, an illustrated sheet of natural history or some public event for them to see when they came down. On winter evenings all were assembled, the servants and girls with their needlework or knitting, whilst he read aloud books, chiefly of history or travel: Gadsby's 'Wanderings,' Pepys' Diary, *Penny Magazine*, 'Swiss Family Robinson,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and Shrubsole's ditto; even Maggowan's 'Dialogues of Devils' came in the list, but was almost too lurid for the gentler part of the audience.

A sentence from a modern pen aptly describes the family environment:

'We were born and brought up in a home where life was regarded ever as the vestibule of eternity, and where everything that tended to waste time,

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which is life in instalments, was regarded as an evil thing. In nothing is there a greater contrast than between the ordinary conception of time of the man in the street and that which prevails in the Puritan household. To one, time is often a bore, a thing to be killed, and one of the chief arts of life is how to pass it as quickly as possible. To the other, time is the most precious of things, graciously given to mortal man as an invaluable trust for all manner of uses, on the right employment of which from day to day and from hour to hour depends our eternal welfare. We lived our early days in the spirit of the opening lines of the familiar hymn :

> '"Time is earnest, passing by,
> Death is earnest, drawing nigh ;
> Sinner, wilt thou trifling be ?
> Time and death appeal to thee."'

Their residence at Redhill was interspersed with many happy visits. Emma Hooper's father, then nearing eighty, came in their first year, and was cheered to see his daughter and her family located amidst such charming surroundings; the brothers and sisters and members of their families; Uncle Robinson (the remarkable father of one who afterwards became famous—Miss S. Robinson, the soldiers' friend); Uncle Verrall, a hale, aged man (traveller), would look in, perhaps to breakfast (having already walked eight or ten miles, and called on customers), and delight the dear parents

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with his gracious, flowing conversation—the utterance of his heart and the experience of his singular life.

Of non-relations most visitors were ministers. Among those whose names occur as best known were Mr. Clifford, Mr. D. Shadwell, Mr. Willett, Mr. Knill (then commencing to preach), Mr. Brandon, and Mr. Risbridger, the farmer-pastor of Gadbrook. Of striking personality and gift was Mr. Tiptaft (one time Vicar of Sutton Courtney), of majestic presence, whose dress and manner always indicated the gentleman, whose words and life always evidenced the saint. Servants and children came in for his personal concern and gifts of books. Mr. Grey Hazlerigg, an ex-officer of noble birth, sometimes came.

Several summers Emma Hooper, with the younger children, again visited her favourite Worthing, and on some few occasions she visited relations at London, Cranleigh, and Sleaford ; otherwise duty and inclination kept her closely at home. Her faithful helpers, Elizabeth and Mrs. Ball, were with her during the ten years at Redhill. The latter resided in a cottage at the bottom of the garden.

The brothers and sisters of Emma Hooper were all married ; at last even Ann, her father's housekeeper—the maiden, elderly aunt of the family, whose kind but determined care had been exercised on so many nephews and nieces—astonished everybody by marrying the Rev. George Holden.

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The following extracts are from Emma Hooper's diary :

May 1, 1858.—Dear David was born at half-past one o'clock in the morning.

September 16.—Mr. Tryon came; Mrs. B. and Mr. and Mrs. Holden. Text: Proverbs xxiv., verses 3 and 4.

March 28, 1859.—Dear Nat very ill, could not stand; dear baby taken like him in the night. Sent for Mr. Sargant. Gastric fever.

May 10.—Mr. Tryon came to dinner.

July 13.—Went to London to hear Mr. Tryon.

August 10.—I left home at seven o'clock. Left King's Cross at eleven. Was taken on to Retford. Reached Sleaford at half-past eight in the evening.

[This was the result of not changing at Grantham. On discovering the mistake, she naturally was somewhat distressed, thinking of her father's disappointment as well as her own. Making it a matter of prayer, and asking why it was allowed, she sat in the waiting-room at Retford till an up-train arrived, feeling no inclination to explore the town or look up some relatives who lived there. Her quiet was broken by the entrance of several railway officials, leading a poor woman who was in an agony of grief. Seeing Emma Hooper, they explained that the husband had been killed at his work on the line, and the wife had just

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learnt the terrible fact. To Emma Hooper here was a reason for *her* being there. Taking the poor woman to a seat, she spent the time in pointing the broken-hearted one to Christ 'who comforteth the mourners.' Arriving at Sleaford at her father's four or five hours late, she explained her mistake. The old gentleman, who had met several trains, was vexed, and said, 'Serves you right,' but soon mollified, and even remarked later on that he had done almost the same thing himself.]

Aug. 17.—Left Sleaford at half-past ten. Father took me to the station. Benj. and J. Payne saw me off.

September 1.—My husband took his little girls to Deeping.

September 13.—Left Redhill by twenty past five train to Guildford. Mr. and Mrs. Holden met me. A very wet drive to Cranleigh after chapel.

October 20.—Mr. Hazlerigg came and preached in the evening.

December 25.—All the family at home—nine children. Mr. H. preached in the evening. Very wet and dark.

The following incidents are noted in E. Hooper's diary:

1858.—On the 2nd January William Hackblock, Esq., M.P. for Reigate, died, at the age of fifty-two; and on the 8th February, Mr. Biddle, of Brockham.

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Wednesday, September 1.—E. H. went from London to Edinburgh by s.s. *Princess Royal*, arriving at Granton Pier early on Friday morning. On the Sunday morning he heard Dr. Guthrie preach from 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' On Monday he journeyed to Sunderland to visit Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and on Wednesday, September 8, to Sleaford, calling on the members of his wife's family, and returning home on Friday.

Eight years afterwards he mentions it in a letter :

CHELMSFORD,
Saturday, August 18, 1866.

MY DEAR SON,

Glad you went to Sunderland and Scotland. Much to see in the city of Edinburgh of both art and nature. I remember my four or five days there in September, 1858, with some pleasant and some painful recollections, for, though enjoyed naturally, I was out of health, and in a sickly state of soul—did not find any spiritual enjoyment, nor the Lord with me. Often thought I should not have gone, though Dr. Maxwell advised it.

This visit of only ten days, planned with hesitation and recalled with regret, was the longest journey E. Hooper ever took. He was no traveller, and never cared to leave home unless for some place near or with an object in view.

Sunday, January 19, 1862.—Early to Smallfields with T. R. and Stephen. Mr. Holden preached

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from ' That I may know Him,' and in the afternoon, ' And be found in Him.'

Monday, June 16.—Mr. Rowland Williams died, aged eighty-six years, ten months, two weeks, at half-past seven. Telegram at twelve o'clock. Wife and P. off at quarter to three.

19*th*.—I left King's Cross at half-past four. At Sleaford eight-thirty.

20*th*.—Funeral of Mr. Williams at two, at cemetery.

Sunday, 22nd.—Mr. Holden preached—Eccles. vii., verse 2.

Six children were born at Redhill. The family generally enjoyed good health amidst surroundings that were favourable and pleasant.

In 1857 the eldest son was sent as a boarder to Lewes, to a school recently opened by the Rev. J. I. Dunlop, the worthy and erudite Presbyterian minister of a chapel in the Cliffe, now pulled down. At the close of 1858 the lad was removed, and placed in the tanyard. Two other sons went to a school at Dormans Land, and the two girls to their aunt's at Deeping, to be educated with her daughters. In 1863 the eldest son went to Wolverhampton, and the second to London, neither ever again to settle in the parental home.

E. Hooper devoted much energy to the chapel ; as clerk and deacon numerous duties fell on him. In the public business of the parish he took a fair

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share, undertaking the troublesome and profitless duties of assessor and collector of Queen's taxes, helping to found a British school, and assisting in the Parliamentary elections of the then borough. The corrupt practices fostered by unscrupulous agents and partisans so pained and disgusted him that he regretted associations and efforts that had linked him with them.

In his own business E. Hooper's career at Redhill was arduous and anxious. He generally rose before six, and was busy in the yard or office, making it a point to sort and 'round' with his own hands. Once or twice a week he attended Leadenhall leather market. Fluctuations often disturbed the trade, and leather of the best quality, manufactured by a long process, had sometimes to be sold by 'factors' at a loss. The leather panic of 1860 was a severe blow. Many became bankrupt (some to avoid further loss), but the desire and prayer of E. Hooper to 'owe no man anything,' and honourably meet all monetary liabilities, was granted — at times after economies, toil, mental strain, and agonizing prayer that few could realize.

Giving up the Redhill tannery was in accordance with Emma Hooper's strong desire and wise counsel. It was not paying, yet E. Hooper, with his dread of enterprise and innate aversion to change, clung to a career that for twenty years had, with two or three bright exceptions, involved incessant toil, anxiety, and loss. A remark to one of his sons is suggestive :

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'I was taught to plod on in the old-fashioned way, and make the best leather, but I was never taught to make it pay.'

The property was put in the market, and eventually sold to Mr. Samuel Barrow in the autumn of 1864.

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CHAPTER V

CHELMSFORD (1864–1879)

ALTHOUGH a change of locality was not necessary, perhaps a dire mistake, Emma Hooper did not desire to remain at Redhill. After perplexing doubt, it was resolved to explore Chelmsford, to them an unknown and isolated place. The guiding thought was to be somewhat nearer to Bures in Suffolk, E. Hooper having recently been engaged for a number of fortnightly visits to reorganize the Tannery there. The diary records :

Wednesday, August 3, 1864.—Wife and I off at 7.40 to Chelmsford. Walked to Widford; saw houses S. Road : perplexed. Looked at Cottage Place.

5*th.*—Left Chelmsford at 4 p.m.

September 29.—Wife, B., and David to Chelmsford.

30*th.*—I and others to Chelmsford.

Many associations were severed by the removal, a great loss to those who cannot readily form new ones. The Baptist cause there was uncongenial.

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Its 'past' was unhappy. Its 'present' was pungently described in a pamphlet by the quaint John Corbett, who had but recently resigned the pastorate.

Some kindly persons became known, and new friendships were formed. The little boys were sent to a school in the town, and E. Hooper's engagement at Bures became a regular one of three days a week. Notwithstanding all the anxieties of such a drastic removal and change, it had its compensation in relieving E. Hooper finally from the worries and strain of his former business career.

But dark clouds and great sorrows were gathering. The house was doubtless unhealthy, and sad periods of sickness (enteric) prostrated several of the young children. The then youngest, Ruth, a sweet little girl, after a long and painful illness, passed away on January 6, 1865. Less than a month previously the anxious mother wrote :

My dear baby takes so much of my time ; she has gone through a great deal since I last wrote —not able to rest night or day. She was a little better, but seems as bad as ever—screams out in agony of pain. Through mercy since Tuesday she has been greatly relieved, and rests at night. She requires the greatest care and attention. Dear J. has been very ill for more than a week : complains of his head, is so weak and thin, quite an altered boy—always seems cold.

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On December 26, 1864 :

Dear little Johnny has been very sadly now for two or three weeks. On the sofa all day. P. and L. are very poorly (with same). I have a bedroom alone with dear baby, and have had all her illness, as no one could rest with her ; she so often has screaming fits, and sits up for hours in the night. I feel it very trying in my situation, but the Lord is good in renewing my strength.

On January 6, 1865, E. Hooper wrote to his son E. :

You will be sorry to hear that your dear little sister Ruth departed this life this morning at three o'clock, most peacefully and without pain. Your dear mother had her up last night in the dining-room, and her happy spirit fled as quietly as falling to sleep. We all feel much distress at losing our little pet. Last Saturday diarrhœa set in again, and she with less strength to resist it. We little thought you would never see her again. Dear mother, she has much to try her strength. May we have submission to God's holy will! I trust this first breach in our family may be sanctified to all.

On April 18, 1865, Emma Hooper wrote :

Poor E., M., and I., and dear Johnny have had a relapse. It has brought them down so weak. Dear I. looks so delicate. P. has had a violent cold.

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Our beloved R. has met with a most serious accident. I feel my soul humbled within me, and could acknowledge God's judgments, however painful to flesh and blood, to be right and just. My sins are a heavy burden, and need purging. The precious blood of Christ is effectual.

Amidst these continued afflictions her youngest child was born.

In a small diary of 1865 are the following memorandums :

Monday, January 2.—Dear baby very ill.

4*th.*—Much worse ; Mrs. K. called after chapel to offer to help me with dear baby.

6*th.*—Dear sweet baby died at ten minutes past three in my arms, without a sigh ; was put in her coffin at ten at night.

7*th.*—I went to the cemetery with my husband to fix on baby's grave.

Tuesday, 10*th.*—Stephen came about ten o'clock ; dear baby buried at half-past two, by Mr. Smith. All followed, except dear Thos. and Eb.

March 25.—Sister Holden left us (after five days' stay) ; M. H. taken poorly.

Saturday, April 22.—I was confined at a quarter before twelve of dear Joseph George.

May 20.—Got up to breakfast first time.

24*th.*—Mrs. Shearman came with dear Heppie ; Mr. Tydeman came.

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July 17.—Ebenezer left Mr. Pyne's. (Apprenticeship cancelled by mutual consent.)

August 22.—Sister Thompson came.

September 30.—Dear Eb left for Birmingham by excursion, to see after a situation.

October 4.—My husband, I, and E. M. went to the prayer-meeting. Mr. Luckin made a few remarks from 'If ye are led of the Spirit, ye are not,' etc.

6*th*.—Uncle Benjamin came to see us about half-past ten, and took Isaac back with him.

October 17.—My husband and I took dear baby to Redhill to see Miss Hales (who had kindly invited her); called on Ensom, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Ball, Mr. Vigar, and Mrs. Barrow. Dear baby was so good, and Mrs. Ball had him all the morning during my stay, which was the greatest treat to her. Poor thing! she cried for joy when she saw me. Poor P. has been bad again lately; looks thin and poorly.

I felt the air at Redhill so much more pure and bracing. It was beautiful to my feelings, as if I could eat it. It seems to strengthen me so on return.

20*th*.—Called at Finsbury, and saw Mr. and Mrs. Shearman, Rowland, and Ruth.

December 4.—I took dear baby to Cranleigh to see dear Ann. Found her very ill in bed; dear Hannah was there. Stephen went with me in a cab through London.

11*th*.—I returned home with dear little George at half-past two; went to Finsbury.

24*th*.—Dear Thos. Rowland arrived from Bir-

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mingham at eleven o'clock. Henry came about half-past six.

25*th*.—All went to the cemetery.

This was the last Christmastide made glad by her presence.

The three sisters, Ann, Hannah, and Emma, formed an inner circle of their family, specially endeared to each other by similarity of view and preferences. The mortal illness of the former was a sad trial. On January 3, 1866, Emma Hooper wrote to Mr. Holden :

I am full of anxiety about my dear sister ; her sufferings have been great. I feel sorry I cannot render you help in this time of sore affliction.

A few days later her beloved sister passed away. She refers to it in a letter to her son.

January 16, 1866.

Your dear Aunt Holden suffered great pain ; poor Mr. H. very distressed. They could hardly bear to witness the return of her sufferings. It pleased the Lord to release her on Sunday evening at ten o'clock. Sensible to the last, though panting for breath. The chapel friends all went to take leave of her after service on Sunday morning. During the day her lips moved in prayer and praise ; at nine she said, ' This is a solemn time.'

Mr. Ford will bury her on Thursday, with little George, Mr. David H.'s son, aged ten, who died on Friday of typhus fever (? typhoid).

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On January 20, 1866, she wrote to the widowed husband (Mr. Holden):

You are much on my mind in your deep affliction. I have been bowed down at our heavy loss, and feel when alone a relief to my troubled mind in giving vent to a flow of tears. May this severe trial, dear brother, be especially sanctified, that Jesus may be more precious! The time is short.

The truth of this last sentence was about to appear in vivid reality. During the spring of 1866 Emma Hooper weaned her infant boy, attended as usual to home duties, and kept up correspondence with her absent children and select circle of friends. In May she wrote a most solemn letter of reproof to a minister whose preaching had much impressed her, until to her amazement and grief he was found to be a secret drunkard.

Although 'wife poorly' was noted in E. Hooper's diary about this time, there appeared nothing to cause anxiety. On May 22, 1866, one of her sons had written from Birmingham, little thinking it would be the last letter she would receive.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I was surprised and pleased to have your last long letter. It is indeed sweet, dear mother, to have the heart lifted up in adoration and praise, and to see by faith the rest that remaineth for the people of God,

'Though oft may intervene
Rough roads and stormy skies.'

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On May 29 her husband had gone to Bures, and during the forenoon she was sitting at needlework, her eldest daughter being present. With a sudden exclamation of pain, she fell on the floor. The few then at home rushed in, and a medical man was sent for, only to find that she was dead. A vague telegram was despatched to Bures, but from that little station E. Hooper could not get away till the usual afternoon train. The poor little boys had been dreadfully excited by the tragic event, and with no one to look after them, one stole off to meet his father, whose anxious inquiry as to what had really happened at home was met by the eager child's reply, 'Don't you know? Mother's dead!' Overwhelmed with the crushing trial, he slowly paced the footpath home—'*My via dolorosa*,' as he afterwards termed it.

The elder sons were summoned from Birmingham and London, and the second daughter from Bampton. Her sisters Hannah and Hephzibah came; Uncle Hay, ever ready to do a kinsman's part, journeyed from Sunderland, and Uncle Holden from Cranleigh. Mr. Tryon attended to conduct the funeral service, which took place on June 2 at Chelmsford (London Road) Cemetery. All that it was felt the dear departed wife and mother would have desired was reverently observed.

As she laid in the coffin, her children assembled to take a last sorrowful look. The infant boy, carried by a sister, stretched out his little arms to

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go to the gentle mother who could no more nurse and comfort him.

Doubt as to the spiritual meetness for eternity could not shadow such a departure. Emma Hooper was one of those who at all times are 'like unto servants waiting for their Lord.' Her own firm state of mind may be inferred from words written on January 4, 1860 :

I have delighted at times in looking forward to that time when I shall for ever be at rest. Oh what a miracle of grace to be saved from this ungodly world, and to feel that Jesus has won my affection !

The following extract from No. 51, 'Rutherford's Letters' (one of her favourite books) is strikingly descriptive of her own sudden transition :

'What a large recompense is made to all her service, her walking with God, and her sorrows, with the first cast of the soul's eye upon the face of the Lamb ; with the first draught and taste of that fountain of life, fresh and new at the well-head ! And it cost her no more to go thither, but to suffer death. And now she sitteth for eternity, meal-free, in a very considerable land, which hath more than four summers in the year. Oh what springtime is there ! even the smelling of the odours of that great and eternally blooming Rose of Sharon for ever and ever ! What a singing life is there ! There is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all sing and breathe out

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heaven, joy, glory, dominion to the High Prince of that new-found land.'

A memorial stone marks the spot where the beloved mother and little daughter were interred.

Aunt Pickering kindly took charge of the youngest child. The eldest daughter, scarcely eighteen, became housekeeper, and cared for the motherless little ones with a capacity beyond her years.

To E. Hooper the bereavement was almost overwhelming, and although faith sustained him, and time and necessary duties brought their alleviations, the irreparable loss was referred to during succeeding years in many a pathetic sentence.

The diary records :

Bures, May 29.—My dearly beloved wife suddenly went to glory at twelve.

June 2.—Funeral of my dear wife.

10*th*.—Funeral sermon : Mr. Davis.

With his disposition to remember dates and anniversaries of important events, each return of this brought its sorrowful retrospect, intensified at first by anxiety for the younger children should he also be removed, a possibility that physical weakness and natural tendencies to depression often brought near to him.

The following extracts give some insight into his experience during the succeeding years.

To his eldest son, then twenty-one, he wrote on July 6, 1866 :

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I feel it well to endeavour wisely to notice and improve the recurrence of certain days, for it can never be amiss—indeed, God's Word enjoins remembrance of the past, and in a right sense to look at what is before us, for whether our days be few or many, life is all-important, as being 'the seedtime of Eternity.'

I would therefore send you a few lines to express my regard and solicitude for you on arriving at legal man's estate, and the pleasure and gratitude that event should call forth in many respects. You have reached it, and been favoured with health above many, and been spared many ills and trials of youth, and have, I trust, been led to walk in a virtuous and peaceful path, with some love to God and His Word, and some fear of Him in your heart.

1867.

Nearly one year of my widowerhood. My mind often ruminates on past delights now gone, and ties broken for ever here. May I seek lasting ones! The Lord has been good, and upheld me, I trust. May I patiently pursue my way and meet her again, 'looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my faith'!

August 15, 1867.

The dear little ones are well, by God's mercy, and are a comfort to me—so happy and cheerful. The boys are as active as cats, on the gymnasium poles in the garden.

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October 21, 1867.

To Birmingham, Sutton Coldfield, and Leicester (where George, the infant boy, was).

May 9, 1868.

Thirteen Church rate summonses dismissed here yesterday; bad law. It is a piece of unjust tyranny and paltry power given to a few to oppress, and try to force the consciences of their neighbours.

June 3, 1868.

Thank you for your kind remembrance of me on our day of sorrow, in which loss you can sympathize, but to me most near; yet I feel for you all. Dear girls! I often think of what they have missed in her bereavement; but God is all-sufficient, and can bring gains out of losses and comfort out of trouble, to His glory and our good. A needs-be for every stripe, to wean, sanctify, and meeken. How sweet it makes the Word and Jesus to the soul! 'It must be so; it is the way.' So dear a partner was given me in love and answer to prayer. Her loss I must ever mourn, but rejoice in her bliss and holy life.

His second son Ebenezer had obtained consent to go to Canada. E. Hooper was beginning to

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realize that his family of boys would require a larger scope than he once thought sufficient.

June 24, 1868.

I felt parting with dear Eb on Wednesday morning. S. went with him to Victoria Docks to see the ship—a small screw-steamer. May God bless him in the passage, and make him a blessing to those that sail with him, and to others yonder! . . .

We heard from dear Eb six o'clock Thursday off Ramsgate; all well; blowing hard and rough; wind east; many sick. He reckons fifteen days getting over.

June 24, 1868.

At times I get low in mind, but the promise revives me, and shows me the path is the good old way of trial; self-emptying, leaving no room for self-dependence, but draws one to run to the stronghold for help, defence, wisdom, pardon, deliverance. No failure there. 'He will be exalted that He may have mercy upon thee.' Keep close to Him, dear son, and all shall work for good. Meetness here, work of faith with power to glory hereafter.

I feel all your dear mother's minutest wishes have a force upon me, and love for her memory binds me to wish to obey and follow them. I have to bear *alone;* before had a loved companion in tribulation, now beyond the reach of all sorrow and

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anxiety and care. The Lord is sufficient, or I must sink.

September 24, 1868.

Thankful to say we hope we can report a decided improvement in our dear sick ones. A great relief and blessing. P. sits up and can walk a little, and George less fretful. Your dear sisters have been kind and attentive.

October 14, 1868.

It was twenty-four years on Monday that I was called to bear one of the heaviest trials in my early life, the death of my dear father—much alleviated by my recent marriage with one of the best of wives, your ever dear mother, whose loss casts such a cloud and blank on all worldly things, and will, I expect, to the end.

Your beloved mother! Oh to follow her uprightness and exemplary walk! I felt that epitaph of Cowper:

> 'Farewell, but not for ever, Hope replies;
> Trace but her steps and meet her in the skies.'

I can remember when dear mother died. I felt unless God helped me I could not undertake the duties that then fell on me. I often went to Him in prayer, and He has been good to me; my prayers were heard and answered.

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October 31, 1868.

I do not want to leave home, and find Bures enough travelling now. Have not been well this week.

December 17, 1868.

I had the great pleasure of hearing C. H. Spurgeon here last Sunday; got in easily, had ticket. S. Turner Williams, of Chatteris, went with me morning, and Mr. B. Hooper in evening. Very good sermons, and the whole service a model of order, solemnity, and feeling, far beyond my expectation.

February 10, 1869.

The Queen's wedding-day, which I well remember, 1840. I, aged eighteen and three-quarter years, saw her go and return quietly enough. What changes in her and in my condition! My married life passed, and both now widowed. God gave me a special life mercy in your beloved mother.

March 11, 1869.

My even tenor has been this week enlivened cheered, and blest by what you will be glad to hear, and gives me much thought and matter for reflection. Last Sunday I felt disposed to go, in the afternoon, to London Road Chapel for first time, it being ordinance day. I sat in gallery. A stranger present spoke after, a Mr. Burns, a Scotchman, formerly

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a friend of the holy McCheyne, aged, but very spiritual, from Eph. i. 4, a more 'certain sound' than they are used to. I heard him again Sunday and Monday evening—quite a treat, solemn, able, and searching; some disliked, others rejoiced. We found it good. He came on a visit from the Tract Society; they gave him £70 to take home to the Society.

But the chief event is this. Yesterday I saw it advertised, C. H. Spurgeon to preach afternoon and evening at Colchester. I felt it came in my way, nothing to hinder, and prayed for direction and blessing, and if the Lord's will I might meet the Lord's servant, for such he has been abundantly to me scores of times lately, and to others, in print. I guessed the train he would take, and went by it. Missed him here; saw him at Witham and joined company, and had a profitable conversation quietly and freely all the way. He was as open-hearted as ever; cordially entered into a subject or two I felt important to propound to him, spoke spiritually and wisely, gave me his hand at parting, said glad we had met, etc. I heard him after at three; place full, large chapel (the same in which he and his family worshipped when young, for they lived at Colchester). He expounded Col. i.—text: 'All things created by Him, and for Him.' Masterly discourse. All for Christ—worlds, earth, man, stars, mountains, devils subject to Him, and in a special way God's people His by redemption.

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Time, money, influence—all, if not under the sceptre of His grace, must perish under the iron rod of His wrath, etc. My train allowed me to stay for evening service. This morning I felt disposed to try for another interview; tried to commit my way to direct and bless. Went to Witham by first train; up came express three minutes after. There he was. Asked me to join him—pleased to see me—and had near half-hour conversation returning to Chelmsford, he and I alone. A wonderful man in grace, gifts, and knowledge. I felt him to be as much sent and qualified for God's work as Whitfield, Bunyan, or Wesley. I gave him a trifle for his orphans, and he wrote me some orders of admission to Tabernacle. Lydia and George at station here; he spoke to them kindly. Sorry to see him get so stout; he smoked a cigar in going down, and spoke of walking ten or twelve miles a day, and all the way to Brighton, where Mrs. S. is now staying. Her health better, but no hope of ultimate recovery, yet may continue for a year or two, though nothing too hard for God in answer to prayer, many of which are put up for her.* He is a real active worker. His college and orphanage seem doing good. Is building a new house, same spot as his old one, Clapham, which was old and damp. His work and responsibilities of chapel, etc., must be immense, but he is calm and cool as possible. The Lord is evidently with him, and is his strength and confidence.

* Mrs. S. lived till 1903, thirty-four years after this.

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March 15, 1869.

Yesterday not a good Sabbath. The man they have now, S. G., a dry doctrinalist. Morning (sermon), a cold, hard attack on Arminianism—no food for the soul—uttered in spite and uncharity. 'No Arminian could go to heaven,' etc. C. H. Spurgeon speaks of some who have only a barrel organ with five keys, and these they grind over all the year round. I cannot hear such matter with any profit, much as I love Calvinism of a healthy sort.

The passing years were not exempt from trials. In 1868 one of the boys was most dangerously ill with enteric, and also passed through other severe afflictions. Two others met with accidents.

Early in 1868 Elizabeth Hughes, after fifteen years' faithful service, was married, and went to reside at Redhill opposite the old home, where Mr. and Mrs. Ball were still employed.

Pleasant and healthful visits were made in the summer to Dovercourt, Walton, and Felixstowe, and business called him periodically to Redhill and London.

March 28, 1872.—My first absence from Redhill on Good Friday for eighteen years.

He always arranged to be present at the chapel anniversary held on that day; but since the previous event his association with the cause had been rudely

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ended by the minister refusing to allow him to join in the Communion of the Lord's Supper, on the ground that he did not belong to a cause of 'the same faith and order' as their penny book of rules prescribed. Although E. Hooper felt the denial keenly at the time, he afterwards looked on it as a kind of retribution for ever having in the past joined in refusing fellowship to consistent Christians. The same minister soon after allowed a drunkard to frequent the Communion!

In February, 1876, his eldest daughter, for nearly ten years the faithful housekeeper, was married to Mr. J. Hicks. Her duties now devolved on the second daughter, Lydia. Their new home was at Northampton, and during a visit to them he went over to Olney, renewing the happy memories of his trip to that district nearly thirty-nine years previously, and reciting to his daughter passages from his favourite poet Cowper on the spots to which they referred.

As was his wont, he entered into local religious and moral movements, and took considerable interest in useful institutions connected with the town — the Mutual Improvement Association, Chelmsford Protestant Association (of which for some years he was honorary secretary), Mr. Pash's Boys' Home, etc.

The quiet rural scenery of Essex was restful and congenial to one who, like him, had no desire for excitement or adventure. Walks in the surrounding

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lanes and fields, alone or with child or friend, were the peaceful pleasures of his days at home.

To visit and help humble, needy Christians, 'the Lord's poor,' as he sometimes described them, was to him a blessed service done as in the sight of God. None knew what in the course of his life was the extent of this quiet ministry, but his cash memorandum and the testimony of some aged recipients show that, reluctant as he was to spend money on himself, he freely gave to worthy needs.

He often went to hear the Rev. Theodore Hooke at Baddow Road, but more usually accompanied his family, who attended the old Independent Chapel, then under the able ministry of Rev. George Wilkinson. E. Hooper, with his doctrinal proclivities and his repugnance to the wealthy liquor-trade interests so prominent there, never felt 'at home.' It was one of those compromises that many a Christian parent has been obliged to make to insure the best that can be for their children's spiritual welfare amid conditions that cannot be altered.

In July, 1869, his second son, Ebenezer, was married at Guelph, Ontario, to the daughter of an old friend, Mr. W. G. Rawbone, and in September, 1870, his eldest son, who had settled near the old home at Redhill, was married to the daughter of Mr. Alfred Perren, a former member of Mr. Irons' congregation. Others of the sons were going out to business. One was apprenticed to an engineering firm at Chelmsford.

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A happy removal was made from Cottage Place to a pleasant, cheerful house in Duke Street. E. Hooper wrote just after :

August 24, 1870.

I feel this house everything I could desire, and far more than I deserve or even expected here or in this town. Oh for a heart to praise the kind Giver, and to use it humbly and right ! To see the sheep feeding, before breakfast, in the meadows beyond our garden looks so peaceful, and, compared to the horrors of war abroad (Franco-Prussian), what a contrast and favour ! May God mercifully continue the blessing !

I do not think Prussia will want any more fighting after France is conquered. England and Russia are inclined to interfere on behalf of France if Prussia's demand for empire or territory should be, as is feared, unjust or tyrannical. What a trifle for a war like this ! — loss of life for so - called honour and glory, peaceful citizens and houses destroyed.

The management of the tannery at Bures St. Mary was a source of interest and congenial occupation, also a welcome addition to his small income. He went down by train, usually three days a week, after an early breakfast, returning for tea.

On May 22, 1869, he writes :

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Get on well at Bures. I feel God's hand with me in that engagement, giving it and helping me therein. I feel I am useful there, and desire to be in more ways than business, to some there. May God direct and use me! He has blest my hands and mind in management; all success (is) of Him. I feel my path clearer in this, and Messrs. T. seem to have more confidence and dependence on me—say 'they will not continue if I do not'; are quite satisfied. I meet with good company at times in train or get good reading; many happy hours make it a pleasant and nice change.

His duty here was not without trials. In 1876 he entered in his diary:

September 14.—Men quarrelsome, swearing, rebellious.

September 15.—Men submissive, quiet, peaceable —*answer to prayer.*

On another occasion a foreman whom both E. Hooper and the principals placed confidence in had to be discharged, being detected in a course of embezzlement.

In the spring of 1878, after a period of ill-health and weakness, E. Hooper wrote to Messrs. Turner suggesting his resignation, and the engagement soon after ceased, with the same mutual esteem that had existed during its course.

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CHELMSFORD,
July 27, 1878.

DEAR THOMAS,

. . . Just a year since my last visit. I have been better since the warmer weather began, but have not had much fatigue to try the little strength I have gained. Rail travelling I find exhausting. I expected to be free July 31 (season ticket expiring then), and keep on now with great effort, yet unable to do all that is required. Am advised (being nerves and not physical) a change, which I wish to try, of 'scene and company.' Messrs. T. propose renewal of ticket for three months. I could not hold on, and have done all I could to avoid leaving them in a dilemma. . . . Our foreman died suddenly last Friday, leaving five young children. . . . A great loss, and chiefly for want of medical attention (most think). Rheumatic fever. It is sad; but the poor have not proper remedies, and cannot pay. How can they, poor things! with country wages, family, etc.?

AUTHORSHIP.

Early in the seventies lessened cares and more leisure enabled him to do a little in literature, always a delightful task. As far back as 1853 he had published a book entitled 'Spiritual Pride,' an abridgment of an old work by Jonathan Edwards, the New England divine. He now issued in leaflets or magazines numerous small articles, verses, and

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extracts, some from Cowper, others by friends, or from his own pen ; also from William Huntington's writings two rather striking pieces, ' The Excellence of Prayer ' and ' The Excellences of the Bible.'

This author, a preacher of some popularity, died in 1813, and had been very friendly with three of E. Hooper's grandparents. They and others of their family and acquaintance were much influenced by the teachings and strong personality of this masterful divine, and many letters, incidents, and reminiscences had come down to E. Hooper. He had long felt desirous to collate and publish these, and impelled by what increasingly pressed on him as a duty no one else could undertake, the labour was commenced. He visited the British Museum Library, and interviewed and corresponded with the few survivors who had known W. H., S.S. He went to Cranbrook (birthplace), Lewes (burial-place), and other localities associated with W. H.'s life and ministry. He sought out records from numerous sources, and often rose at four o'clock to write and revise for the press.

On June 20, 1871, he wrote :

I went to Mortlake and Petersham on Saturday, and failed in my search ; but tired with looking for Mrs. Huntington's tomb in Petersham Churchyard I stood near a large flat stone when the name caught my eye : 'Theodora Jane Cowper, died 24 Oct., 1824, in the 90th year of her age.'

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I never saw a record of her interment there. Name and date deeply cut and legible, though fifty years since.

Richmond Hill is a paradise! No view in England to surpass it in beauty, I think.

First sheet goes to press to-morrow.

August 30, 1871.—I feel my calling to the work sure and plain. Fifty-eight years, no memoir, many anxious to know, but few now know particulars.

Printing needs such care, and pays for any amount one can give it.

The book appeared in October, 1871, and the whole edition rapidly sold. Instead of a reissue he published another supplementary volume with much new matter, and some explanatory notes on the former work.

These literary pursuits brought him into contact with a large number of people interested in the subjects he took up. With some it resulted in congenial friendships that lasted till death. Mr. W. Tarbutt, of Cranbrook, visited him and regularly corresponded. He was a book-lover, had a valuable library, some choice works, many on Kentish topography, and one unique Bunyan book under a glass case. He was also the author of some histories of his own town.

Mrs. M. A. Chaplin, resident near Chelmsford, interested E. Hooper by her early attempt at verse. He assisted her by friendly criticism, poetic rules,

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and a course of reading. For many years past she has appeared as an authoress in various religious magazines.

A verse from a poem she addressed to him (in 1877) is as follows :

> ' God spare you for the children's sake
> ('Tis home while yet one parent lives),
> And when your heart feels nigh to break,
> As o'er the precious past it grieves,
> *Tell Jesus—He* will stay the strife,
> For love like His is more than life.'

His love of hymnology led to an acquaintance with one well known at that period to all students and compilers of hymns—the eccentric Daniel Sedgwick, of Sun Street, Bishopsgate, who, unkempt and shirt-sleeved in his dingy shop, could reach down any ' first edition ' from the crowded shelves, and describe the authorship and career of almost any hymn.

His reading, referred to before, was considerable but not extensive. The works of the Puritans and their successors were especial favourites ; some of these he read repeatedly. Of poets, Cowper, Young (' Night Thoughts '), and James Montgomery stood first. Watts, C. Wesley, and the poetic hymn writers he much esteemed, and spoke of them as ' God's gift to His Church.' Biography greatly interested him, and in early life he had perused history and politics. During the seventies he read much for critical purposes. Fiction he abominated

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and vetoed. He never took in a daily paper, indeed, what little newspaper reading he did was very casual, or for information on some topic he was studying.

His books were mostly marked to denote approval or otherwise—words underlined, errors in dates or facts corrected, and extracts referring to the book or its contents pasted in or written on the fly-leaf.

Among books read in 1878 the following are enumerated in his diary: Bridges on 'CXIXth Psalm,' Dixon's 'Life of Howard,' Johnson's 'Tour in the Hebrides,' 'Lives of the Chief Justices,' 'Life of Sir Ashley Cooper,' 'Life of Edward Irving,' 'Whitefield's Journal,' 'Madam Guyon's Memoirs,' 'History of England—James I. to Charles I.'

Again in 1879: Gilfillan's 'Lives of the Poets,' George Herbert's Poems, Newton's 'Letters,' Tyerman's 'Life of Wesley,' Tyerman's 'Life of Whitefield,' 'Life of Joseph Hughes,' 'Life of Thomas Scott,' Tarbutt's 'Annals of Cranbrook,' Spurgeon's Sermons, etc., Cottle's 'Plymouth Antinomians,' 'Cartwright the Puritan.'

Books were to him reverend, and his own were most carefully preserved. Southey's lines would express his feelings:

'Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.'

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He usually entered in his diaries some New Year's text or thought; also other anniversaries or special events were briefly noted.

January 1, 1870.—'Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: He is their help and their shield' (Ps. cxv.).

January 1, 1872:

> 'Praise for mercies past receive,
> Pardon of our sins renew.'

December 31, 1874. — Mercies this year more than can be numbered. E. Hooper, February 28, saved from fire. I. Hooper, illness, recovery, physical and spiritual. Baptized October 1 at Metropolitan Tabernacle.

June 12, 1875 (5.40).—Dear Philip.

December 31, 1875.—Many mercies, many trials.

November 27, 1876.—J. baptized at Redhill by Rev. C. T. Keen. D. at Beresford Chapel by Rev. W. Lincoln.

January 1, 1877.—'Even to hoar hairs—I am He' (Isa. xlvi.).

January 1, 1878.—'My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches. Ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. All things are yours.'

May 29.—Up early. Dear Emma's death: twelfth anniversary.

In the summer of 1876 his son, then a Baptist minister in Canada, came on a visit, the first since emigrating in 1868. E. Hooper rejoiced to see one

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so dear to him called and blessed in such an honoured sphere.

On September 28, 1877, his daughter at Smethwick wrote to tell her father of her approaching baptism. It was a great joy that she (long restrained by a sense of unworthiness) should 'feel the time has come that I should publicly declare myself on the Lord's side.'

In August, 1878, he went by boat to Ramsgate with his son David, and heard Mr. John Spurgeon, who was preaching there the following Sunday. During September and October he visited Oxford on his way to his sons and daughter at Birmingham and Smethwick.

A visit to Lewes in April, 1879, was the last occasion on which he met his brother-in-law, Mr. James Hay. He afterwards called at Hastings (where his son David lived), and at Cranbrook to see his literary friend, Mr. Tarbutt.

About or soon after 1876 symptoms of ill-health appeared of a more decided nature than the occasional indisposition he had often referred to previously. Thenceforward, with some exceptions, was a time of slow decline. Unrecognised at first, an obscure form of spinal affection (myelitis) had commenced its insidious attack on a system never very robust, causing lack of energy, sense of exhaustion, and other intermittent symptoms. These he endeavoured to remedy by his usual heroic regimen, when restful, sustaining treatment should have been

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adopted. Eventually a form of paralysis supervened, in which voluntary motion of the lower limbs becomes interrupted. Its early symptoms were sudden inability to take a step without painful, slow effort when perhaps he was enjoying a walk. On one occasion, in September, 1881, while staying at Worthing, he accompanied his son and grandchildren to Broadwater, and was much interested in looking round the ancient church. On setting out to return distressing helplessness seized him.

For some reason, perhaps because it was not diagnosed, the nature of his malady was long withheld from him, and he was allowed to continue efforts that caused needless pain. When afterwards made known, it explained the weakness and suffering of his later years, referred to in the two following chapters.

After fifteen years in Essex another removal became desirable. The house was too large for the two or three children remaining at home, soon to be reduced to one. None of them had settled at Chelmsford (though the two elder daughters there met their future husbands), and it was not convenient for those away to visit. Some of the sons lived in or near London, and E. Hooper had much of a Londoner's yearning to be 'near town.' At last it was decided to take a house in the southern suburbs, and on June 11, 1879, he moved from Essex to what proved to be his last earthly abode.

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CHAPTER VI

EAST DULWICH (1879–1885)

No. 25 (afterwards 52), Tyrrell Road, East Dulwich, was the new home. It was near to the scenes of early years. Brixton and Camberwell were close by, and Bermondsey near. Goose Green and Peckham Rye had been his own early playgrounds, and afterwards the goal of summer evening drives with his young wife and family in early married life. The house, though small, was sufficient, and its position made attendance and membership at Rye Lane Chapel possible, a great joy to E. Hooper, and perhaps the happiest fellowship he had ever experienced.

Some friendships that had been out of reach for twenty-five years were revived, and others of even earlier days, together with many new ones associated with Rye Lane, or hitherto known only by name or letters. Their visits awoke new interests in him and his family. He was also glad of the advantages that libraries and museums afford to one of cultured tastes, and whilst strength permitted visited, attended meetings, and continued his literary

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pursuits. Though he would have been loth to admit he liked any bustle, yet, as with many in weak health and of quiet habits, the stir and stream of busy life was often stimulating and diverting to him.

In contemplating removal to London he thought it might be possible to do some useful work as librarian at some Christian institution such as the Pastor's College.

In October, 1879, he stayed at Brighton with his daughter, after visiting Cranbrook again.

Early in 1880 his daughter Lydia was married to Mr. E. Hughes, and the youngest one took her place as housekeeper. His youngest son was apprenticed in May.

In July, 1880, he went to Sandown, I.W., and wrote on the 19th :

A good journey by Mid-Sussex line. Stayed the night at Ryde ; no good shore there. Never saw a better than this—smooth sand. Good apartments, excellent bathing, visitors free and easy and dress anyhow. Was poorly Friday—could not sleep.

David gained *first prize*. Hope this week and next will be an honourable termination of his studies, and yield good reward some day.

Saw tombstone this morning of seven poor lads from *Eurydice*. Ship lost March, 1878.

In September he stayed at Eastbourne with his son from Canada. It was their last meeting.

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EAST DULWICH,
October 28, 1880, 8 *p.m.*

DEAR STEPHEN,

Yours, with dear Eb.'s twelve-page letter. . . . Nothing very particular to communicate beyond those family movements which never leave one without a subject, and serve to keep alive that kindly interest one in the other which is healthy to the mind and spirit, and, moreover, costs but little, and is of no effort when brotherly love exists, as I am happy to believe and witness is the case with my endeared circle generally; may it continue and gain strength with years! No wonder we can value this treasure when a Divine writer could exclaim: 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity'—no less when distance separates.

After many invitations, last Saturday I discharged the intention of spending one Sunday at Shepherd's Bush before winter set in, and hearing Mr. C. Graham. I found him (as far as I can judge) a sound, intelligent, godly man, an excellent minister, not carried about with the questionable notions of the day, far from profitable or safe for the soul to rest upon, because not according to the good old paths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, by which many in all past ages have honoured God in this life and reached the rest eternal.

N. is coming home for a time. ''Tis home while yet one parent lives,' to which they are glad to

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retreat as to a harbour of refuge in adverse winds in life's changing journey.

I have just read to Heppy thirty pages of the life of my favourite poet Cowper, in whom I have felt an unabated interest from my early years—began to know his works in 1838 (aged seventeen), and my esteem for them has grown, and is still strong and in preference to any other.

Glad to hear Jennie is well and baby thrives. And now adieu, wishing you every blessing. Hope your new shop will prosper.

Your affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

Fifty years yesterday I was deprived of my only brother Thomas, aged thirteen, the dear companion of my earliest years (I aged nine)—afflicted, lame with hip-joint abscess. His end was peace. Very amiable, and far beyond his years in intelligence, ability, and writing. Thus life rolls on, and we spared till now. Why? May it be to glorify and serve God!

To S. H.

The Rev. Thomas Cramp (an uncle of my father) was an esteemed Baptist minister at St. Peter's, a village between Ramsgate and Margate, where he preached gratuitously, and carried on his farm at Reading Street. He was born 1770, converted 1785, baptized 1785, began to preach the same year

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(aged seventeen) in a room morning and evening, and worshipped at Shallows in the afternoon. He was ordained 1800. Bought and gave the freehold of the chapel 1816; it was enlarged 1837. He died 17th November, 1851, and was buried in the chapel ground. Generous and kind, he laboured hard for God, and was attached to His cause, and greatly blessed and honoured.

The above particulars may be relied on as correct.

On November 13 he travelled, viâ Windsor, to Bristol, where his widowed sister was staying. He was able to enjoy the change, and wrote as follows :

November 18, 1880.—This is a most interesting city in places, persons, and events. Saw cathedral yesterday, Clifton Bridge, and rocks. Very lovely day. Never saw such fine scenery; none should go abroad and neglect it. Could not go to hear Dr. Doudney to-night; he afterwards called.

He visited the Orphan Houses, Baptist College, Library, etc., also Bath, calling on Mr. Perren, then staying there. On the 23rd he called at Gloucester on his way to Birmingham and Smethwick to see his sons and daughter, returning home on December 3, after one of the greatest journeys he had ever undertaken.

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East Dulwich,
March 17, 1881.

My dear Stephen,

I thank you sincerely for yours of last week (8th), and the kindly expressions therein of concern for my welfare.

I have been favoured with recovery to a great degree, and can feel how *light* was my affliction compared to many, and that I deserve not the blessings granted. May 'my life be praise while breath remains!' I can by God's mercy enjoy food and rest, and have been spared any severe pain, and now chiefly feel remains or increase of weakness, proved by any effort in walking, etc., which may or may not be removed. I desire to submit to God's will, which wisely ordains our lot.

Yesterday was notable with me. For years I wished to see again my first school at Brixton, where I was for six and a quarter years (from four to ten years of age), and left in *June* 17, 1831, near fifty years since; so, feeling better, I went, and found the rooms and front exactly as when I left them, only ornamented and well furnished, having been the residence till lately of Sir Thomas Gabriel, a late Lord Mayor. That and other places near much interested me. I was asked in, and explained the object of my calling there. How forcibly did the sight of my old schoolroom and playground (now a garden) recall the many changes and many mercies of *half a century*, through the various stages of youth

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to husband, master, father, widower, to quiet age; my children scattered, and by God's goodness diligent, honest, and for the most part honoured and successful! May God preserve and uphold them to the ends of their several and various courses; above all, number them each in His own saved, redeemed family!

The early part of this letter indicates the hope he and his family entertained that the recent increase of strength would be continued, and perhaps lead to a permanent recovery. This hope was not to be realized. A renewal of weakness was apparent towards the close of 1881. During the summer he left home two or three times, staying at Worthing in September and at Brighton the following April, for the benefit of sea air and change.

On February 14, 1882, his cousin and early companion, Dr. Daniel Hooper, was called in to prescribe, and a specialist was also visited. From them he learnt something of the nature of his malady, and refers to it in the following pathetic letter:

EAST DULWICH,
July 10, 1882.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,

Your kind solicitude for me and good wishes for my welfare await early notice and sincere thanks; but your latest proposition is more valuable for its intentions than for its purpose, which I assure you is *utterly impracticable*, as you would own if you

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knew my real condition, and that of recovery there can be *no* reasonable ground ever to hope in such complaints. This the doctor hinted to Heppie in January, and each week has been a fulfilment, these last two a rather decided descent, not being able to accomplish the short walks I had taken, and difficult even to stand. So I must beg for patience, knowing that God in His wisdom has appointed this 'light affliction' no doubt for my 'profit,' and to teach lessons for eternity. I see from two medical works it is always '*incurable*,' and wish the doctor had been more *explicit* all along; would have saved some false hopes and vain attempts. I was willing to try, but really did *not* expect much, except from the change to Brighton, deriving *no* strength there, but some little benefit to health. I confess it was my last dependence, and is now a disappointment, and I have got weaker and more infirm since.

I am well content, and can leave all events in my heavenly Father's hands, who knows what is best for us all, and can make 'all things work for good.' I will do what I can while He sees good to spare me, and would thank Him for countless mercies—health, hearing, sight, mind, memory, and, not the least, children who love Him and help each other, and try to live honestly, diligently, and in the fear of God—the best treasure. 'Thy will be done' is soon said and often, but has to be learned in experience.

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Occasionally one or another of his grandchildren came to stay with him and their aunt. Remembering the predilections of his own boyhood, he tried to entertain them with his scrap-books and curiosities, and was much pleased when any intelligent interest was shown.

He was touched by the kind concern of one quaint-talking little grandson, who, after quietly and wonderingly watching his laboured efforts to walk, grasping handrail or chair, went up and lovingly said, 'I'm *weller* than 'oo; I help 'oo.'

The following letter commences with a characteristic reference to its date. Many letters were so commenced—*e.g.*, 'August 24. Black Bartholomew. 2,000 noble men ejected.' 'September 3, '73. Cromwell's day of triumph and day of death,' etc.

TYRRELL ROAD,
September 8, 1883.

MY DEAR SON STEPHEN,

The above date reminds me of this day fifty-two years ago, when my dear father took me, then ten years old, for a treat (?), to see the illuminations in the City on the Coronation that day of William IV. and Queen Adelaide.

So far from any pleasure in seeing 'W. and A.,' with crowns, in lamps on all houses, I never felt in such fear and pain down Cheapside, so hustled and crushed in a crowd, as if the breath would be squeezed out of my little body by tall, strong men;

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the escape was like life from the dead, and I ever after shunned a crowd, etc. This made me remember the day which I felt would be my *last*, but was spared trampling to death, and have seen years of mercy and blessings since to one most sinful and unworthy: unfruitful of adequate returns. To the Gracious Giver of all good be praise while I have my being, for ever!

* * * * *

I am hoping by God's goodness (now his last day) soon to hear of his *safe return*. Do please send a card or even a telegram as soon as possible. Sons cannot enter into a parent's fears for them, who, when young and in spirits, do not estimate danger. The enclosed from Eb narrates a happy escape of Sarah from a watery death by Eb's *presence of mind and skill*, and God's blessing on his effort; a slight cause might lead to a sad slip, to me sorrow and loss.

T. R. had some conflict of his strength against sea power at Hastings; receding tide is so treacherous, and soon carries out beyond intention or power of man, and time and effort induce exhaustion and need of other help.

I was indeed glad of the opportunity I never expected of seeing Redhill, the family, the sea, etc., and am grateful to those who persuaded me to go and conquer my fears and difficulties, which were great, but I got over them better than I expected.

I got weaker in muscles when there, and much

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more *since* return—colder; I feel right when sitting, but to try and stand or walk brings great pain and trembling. Like you, doctor says I need more nourishment, which I am trying.

On my return, behold *a nice easy-chair*, horse-hair stuffed, a gift from Hep alone! Was very thoughtful and kind, as I am almost always *sitting;* do not care much or need lying down.

There are sundry warnings of our frailty and end; may we be prepared when the Lord calls, and till then seek to obey His good precepts and serve our generation according to His will, not our own inclination! I hope Mr. P. may rally; he is but two years older than me, and has been temperate, careful, and generally well. Has had every facility as to change of air and scene, and now nicely settled next door to Rowland.

Chrissy was a nice little chatty companion to Hep when I could not accompany. I often could not move at all without her arm, but remained imprisoned indoors for many hours. The sea air was lovely when warm; there I sat and enjoyed it two or three hours at a time. Could just drag along from lodgings about 100 yards. Worthing is a nice quiet place—good shore.

There is something in the sea so invigorating, nothing like it, and round it are many fine country drives, not far off, but varied.

Old Mr. George Hooper called yesterday morning (the only one left of past generation), age near

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ninety. Lives at Camberwell; came by bus. I have looked out some old letters of his relations and grandfather to interest him; perhaps no one else possesses or has preserved such valuable mementoes.

Dear E. M. has acted a kind sister's part cheerfully and without complaint or trouble, which will have 'its reward as sure as the cup of cold water.' Lyd feels her kindness, especially in her time of need. She is cheerful, a great favour!

All but George are now of age. I ought indeed to be thankful that I am spared to see that period, and that God has blessed them in their various pursuits; may they live to know His grace and be a blessing to those around them! A matter of great importance which concerns four of them is their choice of a companion, as the prosperity of life so much depends on that choice, and men see only outward. I pray that any wrong connection may be effectually hindered, and their minds be directed in providence and wisdom to one who fears God and would tend to their welfare, progress, and happiness, recollecting this truth, that 'a good wife is from the Lord.'

His facility in letter-writing continued, although enforced confinement limited other activities. With letters, often weekly, to his absent sons and daughters, and a fairly large circle of correspondents, he was never without employment. Books, the delight of his boyhood, were often a solace in

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age and weakness. Reading Mrs. Booth's 'Aggressive Christianity,' he was much impressed with its tone, and practical vital godliness, although he did 'not admire S. A. methods.'

Speaking of his own exercises of mind as to spiritual things, and the solemn importance of being right for eternity, he quoted to one of his sons that hymn commencing, 'When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,' and remarked how searching he had often felt it to be.

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CHAPTER VII

WITH CHRIST (1884–1885)

'All joy to the believer! he can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.
Since the dear hour that brought me to Thy foot.
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but Thine,
Nor hoped, but in Thy righteousness divine:
My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child:
Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart:
Cleansed in Thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good:
I cast them at Thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon Thee:
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.'

COWPER: *Truth* (*marked by E. H.*).

HITHERTO the progress of the disease had been mercifully localized, so as not to prevent him getting out with help and even going away. Indeed, heart and brain—mind to think, hand to write, and sight to read—were almost unimpaired till the closing days approached.

Early in 1884, however, there was a crisis that appeared likely to be fatal. His eldest son wrote:

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On Tuesday, January 15, 1884, I heard from Heppie that dear father was not so well, and Dr. Wheeler thought she should let his friends know.

I went up viâ Croydon and Forest Hill; arrived at 1.45. Father was in bed; looked white and sunken. He said in a feeble and distressed voice: 'The Lord has laid affliction on my loins.' He conversed with me for some two hours, and got more animated in voice and manner. I found there had been retention on Sunday, and he was in very great pain till the doctor had relieved him on Monday.

He spoke a little about his affairs, and expressed his rest and trust in the Lord, though so unworthy and weak himself.

When about to leave him, he said: 'You've been a good son. Ah, God only knows the joy it was in my trouble, when we left Redhill, to hear from you that you had found the Lord. . . . If I had known more of the world I might have known better how to help you, and I might have saved you some of the hard paths you trod.'

On Monday, January 21, went up to fetch Alfred. There at 1.30 p.m. saw father from 2 till 3. He looked more comfortable, and seemed better. Expressed a happy trust in Christ, though at times depressed; seemed annoyed that Nat had not been considerate of the household arrangements. 'Came late Saturday, down late Sunday (yesterday); did

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not go to chapel, etc. Told him he should go to honour God's order, although deaf.'

He said: 'I feel I shall take a very humble place—so unworthy, but I cannot doubt His promises. He knows I have sought Him these many years. It is of sovereign grace. Those who deny those doctrines discredit what is very precious and consoling.' He also repeated some verses of hymns.

On Wednesday, January 23, I called again and saw him at 5.30 p.m. He told me he had been obliged to send for doctor at 4 a.m. the day before. Got relief at once, and slept. 'Ah, he has been a comfort to me, so attentive, and a well-taught Christian! Medical science is a blessing. . . .

'I cannot deny God's work in me, but I feel I shall take the very lowest place in heaven. Heaven is beyond all our conception, but it must be real. It cannot be that all the hopes of all God's saints are delusions and His words misleading. Oh no! He speaks so clearly—"He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."' He partly quoted a verse of hymn.

Speaking of heaven, I said how the generations of God's saints, those who had followed Him in an evil world, had one hope, etc. 'Ah,' he said, 'and my good men there'—looking at a group of portraits (Ridley, Goodwin, Owen, Bunyan, Flavel, Leighton, J. Edwards, Gill, Hervey, Whitefield, Mason, Booth, Hardy) which he had collected and framed many years before, hanging over the fire-

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place—'all preached the same truths, and Mr. Irons and Mr. Spurgeon' (two other portraits) 'too.

'"One family they dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,"'

I noticed how thin his right arm was. He thought he might be taken in sleep, and not suffer.

On Tuesday the 15th he remarked that had he known as much of W. H. as he has learnt since he came to London (at British Museum), he could not have written as he did, or called W. H. an eminent servant of Christ.

He felt his arrogance, bitterness, etc., marred his writings, and so much of self in all.

(Entered this Thursday, January 24, 1884, between 4 and 5 a.m.; very windy night.)

After this serious collapse he rallied for another fourteen months, resuming, with some exceptions, his quiet daily routine.

The limitations of life's evening were patiently accepted. In the quietude of his library or garden (when weather permitted) he sat for hours reading his favourite books and some little current literature, writing letters to children and friends, and receiving the visits of those near enough to call. The Rev. J. T. Briscoe, Captain Annesley, Mrs. Ashby, Mr. Whellock, and other Christian friends, often cheered him with their kind presence and congenial conversation.

Much grace was shown in patient submission,

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increasing gentleness and thanksgiving. Thoughts of his family, and concern for one or two whose lot was not happy, moved him to prayer and sympathetic tears.

To one son who came to stay a few days, he said : 'You like to have a smoke ; I don't mind it.' A little incident, but noticeable in one who all his life had so abominated and strongly opposed the habit.

The following are entries in his diary, during the year 1884 :

January 1.—Spared to see another year. The Lord keep me to the end, and give me grace for all events and His blessed Presence. In bed all day.

From January 24 until March 10 the entries are by his daughter :

February 20.—Rev. D. Ashby died, aged seventy.

March 14.—E. H. was better, and entered a visit from the Rev. C. Gordelier.

September 2.—David to India Office ; home at four.

3*rd*.—D. and H. off at ten to Gravesend. In pain ; up at 9.30.

4*th*.—Poorly ; in bed till two.

12*th*.—Up at 10.30. Could not sit up.

November 6.—Funeral of M. M. H. at Sunderland.

(This was his beloved and only surviving sister, Mrs. Martha Morris Hay, who died the previous Sunday, November 2, aged sixty-five. Since her widowhood, six years before, she had mostly resided in the south—Brighton and Bournemouth—intend-

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ing to give up her house at Sunderland. E. Hooper was far too weak to attempt such a journey, and was represented by his eldest son.)

Among his papers was a little packet neatly tied up and endorsed : ' Letters on dear Martha's death, Sunday, November 2, 1884. Her last to me October 2 and 13. Mr. Gowland's notice. Jane's last information and account of her last days and departure from this changing mortal life. E. H.'

December 31.—Very bad night. Fine day ; read. H. and Geo. to Watch-night. Countless mercies.

On the opposite page is written, ' Notice to quit,' per post, ' sent 21 January, 1884 '—suggestive either of some thought of moving, or the approaching time when he would no longer need an earthly dwelling.

January 1, 1885.—Spared to see a new year. So God's thoughts higher than ours.

February 2.—A very bad week ; pain in loins. Wrote to none this week.

This entry, and those that followed, are in pencil, gradually becoming briefer—' In bed all day,' or who called or wrote.

Week by week his energy and strength perceptibly declined. Yet he still persevered in writing to his children and entering up his diary. The last entry, feebly written in pencil, is as follows :

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Wednesday, March 4.—Up at twelve. Four days' bed. Fine day.

To his eldest son he wrote on February 9:

I do not think I wrote to you since your call, nor to anyone at all last week, being unable to sit upright for the purpose, and was kept in bed nearly all of each day, which I felt a great decline, with much pain in loins even in lying still. . . . I must be brief. The Lord give patience. . . . Such lovely weather, really like midsummer; one would like to enjoy it. The Lord rules over all. . . . I must end; am a poor scribe—nearly ended. Love to all your dear ones. Pray for one of the least and weakest.

Your affectionate father,

(E. HOOPER.)

A struggle to get through this.

The last letter of the vast number that for many years had flowed from his pen, was to one of his sons, feebly written in pencil about three and a half weeks before his death.

Thursday, February 26, 1885.

MY DEAR STEPHEN,

This envelope is T. R.'s ingenuity, not mine, so give him the credit. Thanks for your many kind notes, though my return is so poor, and may never be better. God only knows. I have just got

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up again after five whole days in bed since Saturday afternoon last, with some trouble and pain, but less on lying still; to be so motionless and helpless is very trying, for I cannot move, yet enjoy meals and good sleep—a great favour. The loss of writing power is a great loss, as it employed so much of my time and pleased friends, but I fear is near ending now, as I cannot sit up. . . . I beg for patience to bear and submit to the Hand that afflicts me. All to teach us something.

Heppie is kind, though my wants hourly or daily are many. It is humbling to be so helpless and dependent. I hope Jennie keeps well, and dear children also; may they be a blessing to you both, and God give you wisdom to train them well!

The loss of sitting up prevents or curtails the pleasure of reading also. Good thoughts, when free from pain, alleviate; but oh these weak, frail, evil bodies! Who shall deliver? The blessed Gospel shows ground of joy and hope. May we know its power in health! it will be our stay and comfort in sickness. It is freely given to all who need it, and verily the world affords no joy, but passeth away, and truth of God remaineth.

I must conclude. This has been a great effort, and may be my last to you unless some renewal is afforded. I do not depend on it, but none can tell. Love to Jennie, and God bless you and yours prays

Your affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

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His youngest daughter mentioned :

About a week before his death he sorted out a lot of those tracts he kept in the cupboard in his bedroom ; he was very methodical and neat with his books and papers. He often remarked that he hoped we should keep together as a family, though we may be separated by distance.

On Monday, March 17, he could not take anything solid. The paralysis was affecting the upper part of the body. About Wednesday the active brain became unconscious, and at 3.30 on Friday afternoon, March 20, 1885, he entered into rest.

Last words are unimportant in the case of one whose conversation had been a constant evidence of preparedness. His experience may be tersely epitomized in the words of a distinguished author :

'And very early in life he was smitten with the conviction of sin, and blessed with such an inward assurance of salvation as made him afterwards steadfast in all afflictions.'

The funeral took place at Camberwell Cemetery, by Honor Oak Station, on Wednesday afternoon, March 25, his friend and minister, Rev. J. T. Briscoe, conducting the service. It was a fine sunny day, and many were present—all his children, except Ebenezer and David, who were abroad, and some of their families, his cousin and early playmate Benjamin, other relatives who lived near, and numerous Christian friends from Rye Lane and elsewhere.

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A memorial card was printed almost exactly as he had worded it, viz. :

In Affectionate Remembrance

OF

EBENEZER HOOPER,

FORMERLY OF REDHILL AND CHELMSFORD.

Last survivor of the family of Thomas and Martha Hooper, of Bermondsey,

Who entered into rest Friday, March 20th, 1885.

Aged 63 Years.

INTERRED AT CAMBERWELL CEMETERY, MARCH 25TH.

'The LORD taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.'—PS. cxlvii. 11.

'My flesh and my heart faileth : but GOD is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'—PS. lxxiii. 26.

The exhortation of the ancient seer, 'Set thine house in order,' had been regarded. The numerous papers accumulated during a lifetime were neatly tied up and endorsed. A pathetic interest attached to many letters and articles that had been carefully treasured for long years—silent memorials of some 'Whom he had loved on earth and lost awhile' : belongings of his only brother ; of his grandparents ; his sister Mary, long since dead, and Martha, recently ; his beloved father ; a lock of little Ruth's hair ; and the needle as put through some work by his beloved wife the minute before her sudden death nineteen years previously.

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His methodical character and calm foreview was also shown by some letters and memorandums found in an envelope, addressed, 'For my Executors, 13 December, 1881.' As these are of interest, indicating much of his feelings, they are given at the close of this chapter.

Numerous sympathetic letters and messages were received by the family, and the *Leather Trades' Circular and Review* published the following in its obituary column :

MR. EBENEZER HOOPER, AGED 63.

March 20.—Died at his residence, East Dulwich. We regret to announce the death, after a long illness, of this well-known and honoured member of our trade. Mr. Hooper was the son of Mr. Thomas Hooper, tanner, in the Grange, Bermondsey, and succeeded to the business. Some years afterwards he took the tanyard at Redhill ; ultimately he retired from this, and lived a quiet life at Chelmsford, Essex, and for some time assisted Messrs. Turner and Co. in the management of their yard at Bures. After leaving Redhill he sustained a heavy affliction in the loss of his wife, and was left a widower with twelve children, and devoted himself to the training of his large family. Few men have succeeded so well in this good work in forwarding their temporal and spiritual welfare, so that he had the consolation in his latter years—although failing

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in health—to see all of them placed in respectable positions in life; several of them were married and comfortably settled, each exhibiting the great qualities of self-help, as well as the higher and nobler gifts of intellectual and spiritual life. Thus his business and social life closes with honour, respected by all who knew him, and leaving to his numerous family inspirations which will ennoble his posterity.

The home (where his youngest daughter and son, aged twenty, lived) was kept on till midsummer.

His estate was divided amongst the children, and his wishes and instructions reverently carried out by the two sons whom he had appointed executors. A stone marks his grave, on south side of cemetery.

FOR MY EXECUTORS.

DUKE STREET,
Saturday morning,
October 13, 1877.—T. R. H.

I feel very weak and short of breath, and trust, if it be the will of God, I may be favoured to regain some strength for the sake of my beloved and kind family, now scattered abroad, and be spared for their sakes. . . . If not, all is ordered well by Infinite Love, of which I have had innumerable proofs all my life long. Should like my funeral plain and neat . . . as T. R. and sister see fit. Of course, at cemetery with my dearly beloved Emma, hoping through God's grace our spirits may unite in His eternal praise. Read a portion of God's Word, pray,

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and say a few words of admonition and reflection to survivors; nothing about me, not of praise, but in praise of God's free grace and mercy to lost, perishing sinners in Jesus. N.B.—I wish no allusion to my death in papers or any magazine.

May my beloved children be led to know and love the Lord, and be preserved from the evil influences of the world! May they all 'first seek' Jesus and His righteousness, and all things needful shall be added! I wish I could have done more for them besides thousands of prayers on their behalf by night and by day for years, which God has mercifully heard and answered in many respects, and called some by grace.

Send love to dear Eb, etc. Live in peace and love to each other, and to God's truth and ways.

Your affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

My will is in my cabinet; hope all is correct and fair.

P.S.—If those dear to me wish funeral cards let them be *plain*, and these texts: Ps. xxxiv. 8, 9; Ps. lxxiii. 26.

The former part I have felt literally true for some months past, and may the latter, expressive of hope, be realized by Sovereign grace, of which I believe I have often tasted in my journey since first brought to know and love the Lord in October, 1840. Since then, with many departures, coldness,

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and changes, the Lord has been kind, longsuffering, and faithful, and His good work in me has stood firm; something within has ever cleaved to and trusted in Him, with reliance on His word, even when I could not feel its power or taste the sweetness of it. And I would here testify, and can from my heart, that the warnings, precepts, and admonitions therein abounding have been as dear to me as the promises many times, and I have often felt in these too much neglected portions as much as in any the loving-kindness and care of a gracious Covenant God and Father, also in His corrections and reproofs as much love as in His mercies.

October 17, 1877.

I pray all my dear children will seek the Lord's guidance by earnest prayer in every step they have to take, and follow the sound, valuable injunctions of God's Holy Word, 'to which they will do well to take heed,' and badly to disregard, especially in the matter of marriage. Never flirt or act lightly to several, or make it a light, trifling matter of joke and amusement, but as it is one of, if not the most important event relating to this life, to be especially *serious* and firm and thoughtful in all that pertains to such a connection; act honourably and faithfully in word and deed to *the one person* between whom regard and affection is proposed. Apart from grace, the best bond, and religion, the best light, there is a reward in upright, sincere dealing, and

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verily bitter retribution for any dishonourable trifling with the affections of another. Such sowing has often bitter reaping, and more than due measure for such cruelty has to be *meted out to them sooner or later*.

I am sure all will find these words true. I was mercifully kept from the evil warned against, and found *in the best of wives* a faithful and devoted partner for this life, 'till death us did part' in May, 1866, and since then much of the Lord's mercy to supply all my need, especially in dutiful and kind daughters to fill her place and sustain the dear family, of which I trust each one will ever be conscious and grateful too.

I could say much, but must forbear. Grace and peace be with you. Thankful for opportunity of this witness. The Lord knows all that concerns me, and may see fit to spare me; yet life is uncertain with all, and more so to one who feels as I do now, gradually getting weaker. 'He doeth all things well.'

E. HOOPER.

25, TYRRELL ROAD,
EAST DULWICH,
Wednesday, September 24, 1879.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The Lord has been better than all my fears when, now nearly two years ago, I wrote the two sheets herewith, judging by what I then felt of weakness they might be necessary.

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However, our poor 'thoughts are not as God's' appointments, nor does any discreet preparation for the end of life (to which we all are hastening on 'as fast as time can move') for one moment *hasten* that end, as all our times are in God's hands still, but knowing that truth, excuses no known or needful duty.

In God's kind providence we are removed to a more pleasing and convenient locality than the uncongenial one we left, yet even there sought, and found, contentment and peace. For this, among many mercies, I would be thankful, and for more profitable ministry and means of grace; may we use such privileges aright! He has seen fit to spare me nearly two years since the enclosed were written. To Him be praise that I could for that time longer assist, advise, and act for any of you, and help you further on in life, and also that since then, being unable to continue my business engagement from physical inability, He has graciously provided me with a necessary competence and rest.

I confirm all that is there as to wishes and advice, and hope you will lay it to heart. I feel my deficiencies in parental wisdom and duty, but the Lord knows I have sincerely sought your temporal and spiritual welfare, and would cheerfully do all I could to promote either. This removal alters some circumstances which call for notice, and I would add here my hope that as respects the property, I leave an equal share to each, there will be no jar or

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dispute. I could wish it were more, but know that 'a little with God's blessing' is better than much without it. Quietly confide in the executors, being sure they will do all that is just and fair and equal, and in due time make proper division. Mr. Perren, Thomas, and Stephen understand the property well, and can best realize it for your benefit.

I want to say in reference to the very important matter of marriage, before-named, that it is a source of pleasure and gratitude that the four partners added to our number thereby already are all such as I highly approve as a credit and honour to our circle, and leave with each one my sincere welcome, love, and best wishes, with prayer for God's blessing to them in the happy connection. May others be as worthy and commendable, and mutually affectionate and helpful! God is good; His fear be your treasure and confidence.

DULWICH,
September 24, 1879.

(The thirty-fifth anniversary of my marriage at Sleaford to your dearly beloved, worthy, and lamented but honoured mother.)

The late sudden departure from this life of your Uncle Hay reminds us all of its uncertainty, and me of the prudence of leaving in writing a few more instructions which our residence here renders necessary.

I have always objected to expense and trouble

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of long journeys for funerals, but I should prefer Chelmsford if my family agree, as being with your dear mother and sister, and a quiet resting-place. . . . (This sentence and some detailed instructions as to arranging for funeral at Chelmsford are crossed out, and a note added.)

December 1, 1879.—No occasion for extra trouble and needless journey for so many, and difficult to arrange at Chelmsford, from which town all are now entirely disconnected. Place of interment not of much moment. Camberwell Cemetery would do.

Let the Scriptures be, not those generally adopted, but Ps. xxxiv.—all; John xvii.—part. No singing, which is often mismanaged, and seems untimely.

Sunday, March 28, 1880.

I felt an earnest desire this morning that my removal (whenever the Lord may please, certain in the issue, though to us uncertain as to the time) might be a means, under His Spirit's power, of bringing some of my beloved family to deep searchings of heart respecting their state as fallen sinners in His sight, and to earnest and unceasing prayer for His converting grace, without which none can hope to see His face with joy, or to join with the redeemed in the everlasting song of praise.

Oh, I would again bless Him for the unspeakable mercy of having heard and answered their beloved mother's and my poor but constant prayer that

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the God of salvation would give our dear children His grace! This is plain and certain in the testimony and proof of a godly walk for several years in the case of some of them (in a marked degree beyond many, and of usefulness and zeal in His service). I would and do entreat, and shall 'while life and breath remains,' that He would call the others to know, love, and serve Him—the happiest life below, and the best earnest of the eternal inheritance.

Believe me, for I have proved over forty years that 'Wisdom's ways are pleasantness' and her paths are peace, and so you will each find and prove likewise. Oh, pray, dear children (each one that as yet know not yourselves or God), that you may be of His sheep, and taste that He is gracious to your never-dying souls, and giveth eternal life, for godliness hath also the promise of this life and that which is to come (1 Tim. iv. 8).

Your loving father,

EBENEZER HOOPER.

EAST DULWICH,
December 13, 1881.

As my weakness seems sensibly to increase daily, and various fresh ailments become manifest to my own feelings by day and by night, I cannot tell the result, as some are incurable, though perhaps by God's blessing subject to some relief.

Therefore, in case I have not left explicit directions as to my wishes respecting interment, funeral, etc.,

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which may save my dear family any trouble or perplexity, and that, as is right, my house may be set in order, I add this to other papers of similar import, desiring to leave all in the Lord's hands, feeling assured that all events as ordered by Him must be for the very best, and I by submission thereto and faith in His word, shall still find, as my soul has of late found, much refreshment and peace. His 'rod and His staff comfort me.' May He be with me to the end, since He hath promised never to leave or forsake those who trust in Him!

Place of interment—the parish cemetery of St. Giles', Camberwell, near Honor Oak Station.

No brick grave. 'Earth to earth' is best.

Let it be at left-hand side, near Jonathan Carter, an aged member of R. L. Chapel, whom I saw interred February, 1880.

Plain polished elm coffin, not covered, nor much ornamented.

Like my beloved wife, no pall, which is only an article of show and vanity.

Plain hearse and coaches, no modern style or ornaments, but good and respectable.

M. might do for undertaker; arrange terms, so as to avoid needless and vain expense.

Let all instructions be explicit, and quietly and punctually carried out.

Let near a week elapse if convenient.

Coffin to be placed in my bedroom, as the drawing-room will be wanted.

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No expensive mourning for my children beyond what is good and becoming; avoid fashionable style and useless crape.

No funeral sermon.

On no account send any memoir of me to be printed in any magazine (such I mostly regret and dislike), as none can write what is simply of God's work alone, and the creature is better left unpraised and unrecorded here, hoping he is in the Book of Life.

Hope most of my dear children may attend, but not to their inconvenience. May each follow Christ, and all will be well!

Dear Eb shows most regard for scrapbooks and such like, so I should wish him to have the last two large ones and three or four others. with two at least of my MS. scrapbooks; the others divided, or value given to a general fund. Let my best autograph book, coins, etc., be taken care of by some, and all papers looked over before destroying any.

May God's blessing and due seriousness attend the occasion, and right reflections and seriousness all through, as becomes such a day. Amen.

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CHAPTER VIII

PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER

EBENEZER HOOPER was somewhat below middle height, spare and active, with dark complexion, handsome features and eyes. His habits were regular and abstemious, based on Spartan ideas that, excellent in many respects, were sometimes too rigidly carried out even when incipient weakness required more comfort. Extreme self-denial in sleep, warmth, food, and recreation were to him closely connected with manliness as well as consistent Christian life. He regretted, and regarded as effeminacy, the lack of these habits in others.

Brain fever in childhood and exposure in early manhood had (so he thought) deteriorated a fairly good constitution.

His career was influenced by a sensitiveness and dread of acting against the Divine Will, which led him to accept and patiently bear many circumstances of trial and disappointment that a stronger faith and wider knowledge might have avoided or altered.

In mind he was vigorous and quick—impatient

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of slow ways, stupid people, and contrary opinions. Ready perception influenced him more than long-reasoned arguments. Abhorring injustice, cruelty, and dishonesty, all that made for truth and righteousness was dear to his heart, and constantly on his pen and tongue. With a very humble opinion of himself, he dreaded notoriety, and abstained from any prominent position unless impelled by evident duty. A timidity (not apparent to casual observers), perhaps inherited from his father, and increased by early repressive training, often hindered lawful opportunities of benefit. Although bold for the cause of God and truth, he was reluctant to maintain his own rights. Hectoring, persistent opposition, and overpersuasion distressed him greatly, and sometimes drove him to act to his loss and sorrow.

His business choice would doubtless have been something in literature had he followed his own tastes and gifts, but a scrupulous sense of duty to his father and circumstances led him to a very different vocation. Having taken it up, he thoroughly mastered it both in details of manufacture and its difficult bookkeeping; in fact, he became an expert in the trade, but, devoid of the commercial faculty, his toil and talents were mostly unremunerative.

Of other businesses he had but little knowledge, except some few that seemed suitable for his sons. His outlook and interests in general matters were too circumscribed and self-restrained. *Cui bono?*

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often deterred him, and was not unfrequently used to check pursuits and incipient enterprises of his active children, that were full of beneficent possibilities he neither saw nor aspired to.

Integrity was a strong feature in his character. With his large family he never availed himself of any endowments or free education, feeling that these benefits were intended only for the poor. He once expressed his contempt at the conduct of a relative who lived in good style, but to obtain a charitable education and maintenance for a son sent the lad to be 'christened,' and made a declaration that his own income was 'under £100 a year.'

In early manhood he had entered warmly into the great Reform movement, and listened to most of the then leaders of public thought, but his pursuits and studies afterwards were chiefly in matters of religious interest. Puritan theology and Christian biography and poetry were his constant delights. Although associated by family and by connection with a particular school of high doctrine, he could not agree with its local or modern perversions and partial presentment of truth, nor would he join in denouncing those who differed.

With great and solemn views of the majesty and holiness of God, his convictions of sin and unworthiness were deep and searching; his only hope and confidence was in the Divine grace that had chosen him in Christ. To him and Emma Hooper religion was a very real thing; there was no desire to avoid

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what it involved, no shunning the cross that it brought. As Divine truth was revealed to them they followed it, and believing 'that the friendship of the world is enmity with God,' they abstained (sometimes, perhaps, needlessly) from everything that seemed worldly in its tendencies. The secret and explanation of their lives was in that faith by which they 'endured as seeing Him who is invisible.'

Emma Hooper was of comely and dignified presence, calm and orderly, with much reserve, especially to those she did not take to. At home the embodiment of maternal love and wisdom, the welfare of her family was at all times a loving duty. No other pursuits or pleasures were allowed to hinder this and the religious exercises of a devoted life. The strength and determination of her father's character were apparent in her own course of action and in firm convictions as to spiritual matters. Her Christian life, though lived in narrow limits, was of the order in which great saints are found. Madam Guyon and the mystics of different names and eras, little as she knew them, were her spiritual kindred. Introspective devotion, weekly fasting, vivid realizations of Divine love, were habitual, and though not much acquainted or concerned with the outer mission of Christianity, she set forth truth as she understood it, both by precept and example, amongst those who came in contact with her in the family and church. Error in doctrine or conduct was reproved fearlessly and

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faithfully, sometimes too severely, or with an inadequate knowledge of circumstances.

Mindful of the Apostolic precept, 'Ruling their children and their own house well,' both parents displayed much wisdom in the physical and moral training of their family. Though on lines which would now be thought strict, it was full of common-sense and freedom in regard to wholesome recreation. Birds'-nesting and all cruel sports were forbidden. Vicious companions, novel reading, gay places of amusement, etc., were disallowed, and any indication of loose language or evil conduct quickly noticed and checked. Encouragement was given to healthy exercise and useful pursuits—walking, skating, swimming, outdoors, and drawing, knitting, reading (especially), table games, such as chess and draughts, when indoors. Music, unfortunately, was repressed by E. Hooper, who thought it a waste of time and conducive to worldliness. A source of pleasure was thus cut off and the use of a talent denied that in after-years would have been helpful in home life and Christian service.

When the children left for school or business, as many of them did young, the parental letters were a happy means of continuing the pure influence of the home. Those of E. Hooper (as during nineteen years of widowhood he fulfilled the ministry alone) amounted to thousands, nearly all with points of interest, felicity of expression, and lofty truths that gave them more than a passing value.

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Truly, in the best sense, their methods and influence as parents have been seen and justified in results.

In February, 1861, Monsieur Rolla, a French gentleman, wrote a 'Delineation of Character,' some sentences of which were strikingly descriptive. The following refers to E. Hooper:

'A strong and ardent zeal for the discharge of his religious and moral duties, with firmness in his pursuance of ordinary duties in life. Has a disposition to dwell upon one subject until it is completed. Has great "faith" and sense of immortality, with strong hopes of eternal happiness.'

Of Emma Hooper he wrote:

'Is sincerely attached to home and friends, and devotedly so to her family. Is of a retiring disposition, and not very fond of society, unless it is with those of friends and worthy acquaintances. Has great respect for, and awe of the ordinances of the Supreme Being, and a love for all things sacred, and devoted to the worship of God.'

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CHAPTER IX

HIS ONLY BROTHER, THOMAS HOOPER, JUNIOR (1817–1830)

'But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns without the battle's force.'

THIS gifted youth, the only brother of E. Hooper, was much afflicted in body, but had mental power and capacity beyond his years.

The following letter was written by him from East Hoathly, Sussex, three months before his death. He had been sent there, hoping to regain health and strength.

In a little notebook, still preserved, is this entry in his writing: 'August 31, 1830, The gift of his affectionate father and mother during his illness.' Under this E. Hooper has written: 'My dear brother died the month after this, October 27, 1830.'

EAST HOATHLY,
July 24, 1830.

MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,

I write to inform you that I am better than I was the last time I wrote to you, and think it would

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be advisable to come home before I get worse. The coach goes to town next Wednesday, and I can sit on the top of the coach, behind the coachman, as Cleeve and James did. I shall not be afraid to come home alone at all if you will let somebody be at the Elephant and Castle, as I cannot walk from there home—my leg continues to swell rather. I hope you will not deny my coming home on Wednesday; if you do I shall feel very much disappointed, as I *want* to *see* you and my *dear* father *very* much. I have not seen you for such a long time, and the little new servant and Ann. I do not want the clothes now, as I dare say you will let me come home on Wednesday; and will you send a letter by Monday or Tuesday morning, that I may have time to pack up? I have been at Hoathly a month last Tuesday, and have only been able to get out of doors during one week; kept indoors all the other time. When you send a letter will you tell me how much they charge for something to eat at Godstone? My dear father need not come down to fetch me, as I am sure I shan't be afraid at all if I am behind the coachman. I am well enough to come home now, and had better embrace the opportunity. Perhaps I am not quite so well as you may expect, but I want to come home and see you, as I sit indoors all day. If you do disappoint me I shall feel very unhappy, and I hope the letter you send will say I may come home on Wednesday. I have only sent you one letter before

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by post, and hope you will not mind the expense of this, as I dare say it will be the last I shall write to you. I hope you received the letter I sent by Cleeve, and that you are better with your head. I must conclude with duty to you and father, and love to brother and sisters and cousins, and believe me to remain,

Your ever loving and affectionate son,

THOMAS HOOPER.

His aunt, Mrs. Sarah Martin, in a postscript added some particulars of his illness, etc.:

Mr. Holman says he may rally again. . . . Should he be spared, poor fellow, to reach home in safety you can judge for yourselves. I am afraid he may be the worse for his journey, as riding seems to affect him.

NOTE WRITTEN YEARS AFTER BY E. HOOPER.

How the dear youth longed to get *home*—'no place like home' and parents! He did return soon after this (in August), to leave no more till his journey to his last home—back again to Lewes at the end of October. I trust with the Lord. He had such a tender spirit; all loved him.

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MEMORANDA RELATING TO THE LAST ILLNESS OF THOMAS HOOPER, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, OCTOBER 27, 1830, AGED THIRTEEN YEARS, WRITTEN BY HIS DEAR FATHER.

Sitting up with our dear afflicted son, he awoke about one o'clock, and being a little refreshed from sleep he seemed inclined to converse, which I had observed was the case before after his first sleep. I said: 'My dear, what were your feelings on hearing of the death of our friend Mr. Peto?' He said he thought it was a warning voice to him, and that he believed the Lord would prepare him, and that he had no desire to live; remarked he had those words of Mr. Hart's come with some power:

'Those feeble desires,
Those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires,
And bids me still seek.'

I felt anxious to know more of the state of our poor dear boy's mind. I said: 'My dear, what is your ground for hope of salvation?' He replied: 'It was Christ Jesus who died to save poor sinners.' I said: 'My dear, do you feel yourself to be one?' He said he did.

On our dear son's awakening on another morning I asked him how he felt with regard to his getting better again. He said if he did not grow stronger in body he hoped he might in faith and grace.

On another occasion while sitting up with our

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dear Thomas, he seemed much worse than he had been before, and I had many fears that he, poor boy, would not survive through the night. I sat by his bedside with his hand clasped in mine watching his countenance, expecting the Lord was about to gather him home, as when I spoke he could hardly utter a word. My mind felt in an agony, and I was so overwhelmed in my feelings that I could only say, and that I know I did from my inmost soul, 'Lord Jesus, receive his spirit.'

Further Particulars and Remarks written by his dear Mother.

On his return from the country he told me with great feeling how much he was impressed by the prayer of Rev. J. Vinall the morning he left East Hoathly to return home; said he could not forbear weeping, and told me some of the substance. . . .

The first Sabbath of his confinement he spoke of many sweet passages, and how he *felt* them, and seemed exceedingly anxious I should get to reading, and as I took more time than usual to make him comfortable, said to me while engaged: 'I fear, mother, you will let the morning pass without reading.' I replied: 'No, I will not,' and gladly hastened to do what he wished. After reading some parts of God's word (upon which he seemed unusually free to remark) he begged I would get the accounts of Mr. Turner's children. I read one,

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and he laid with such attention and quietness which I always perceived whenever he was read to. . . .

Sometimes our dear son would direct me where to read, but mostly left me to my own choice. I recollect his asking me once to read Hart's hymn on the Lord's Supper; at another time he said: 'Read "Come and welcome to Jesus Christ."' And really sometimes when my mind had been necessarily occupied in worldly things I could look on the dear afflicted as a blessed example, owning him highly favoured with a *heavenly mind, only delighted* with heavenly things and such as made for his peace. . . .

After a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs he seemed to revive in body and soul, and said to me the next morning: 'I have good news to tell you, mother.' I said: 'Have you, my dear? I am very glad; what is it?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I have felt so very comfortable since Mr. Hobbs' prayer; didn't you enjoy it?' etc. 'And I can get up to-day.' I said 'You shall, my dear, if you think you can sit a little.' He desired I would then read on praise. While I was preparing him some refreshment, and absent from his bedroom, he dressed, having desired the servant-girl to get his clothes, boots, and stick, and to my no small surprise I met our dear boy on the stairs attempting to reach the sitting-room by himself, which he did to our great astonishment, not having walked for some weeks.

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But the next day he was not so well; it was too much for him. He was brought down and even out of doors occasionally, as he could bear it, till about a fortnight before his death. The last time or two we perceived him to be extremely weak; he could not support himself in a chair, and, reclining on a sofa, said, '*I am tired of my life.*' Feeling at that time myself weary of all below, I attempted a little converse, but he, poor dear, could not reply from exhaustion, and when spoken to afterwards could only answer by motion; but as he had been so once before, we did not then apprehend his end was so near as it was. . . .

He afterwards said he felt much darkness and as if he could not pray; requesting his father to petition for him, and that family prayer might be in his room, at the same time observing his grounds for hope, etc., which afforded us great satisfaction. At another time he said he feared he did not feel his sinfulness enough. On the Friday evening, speaking to him soon after I entered the room of some very near and dear to us having gone to glory, and of the happiness of those who might be favoured to meet them (who when on earth had put up so many petitions on our behalf and still loved us), he could only, poor dear, nod his head, and then lay perfectly quiet. I asked if I should read, and where. He answered, 'Anywhere,' and while I was pondering, he said, in such a loud voice, 'Read the hymn beginning, "Convinced as a sinner to Jesus I fly,'"

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I was much struck with it, and read it over again.

M. HOOPER.

'Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled:
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home His child.'

WHITTIER.

Ebenezer, then nine years old, tried to express his feelings in verse.

LINES COMPOSED IN 1830, ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR BROTHER, OCTOBER 27.

(*Corrected, etc., November*, 1838.)

My elder brother now is gone
Unto his everlasting home:
Has left this world of care and noise,
Its vain pursuits and empty joys.

For thirteen years he dwelt below—
Short was indeed the span.
'Twas often his delight to sing,
And think of Jesu's name.

Tho' he partook of youthful mirth
With others in his day,
A ling'ring illness laid him low,
And took these joys away.

How very swift our moments fly!
How often spent in vain!
Let us reflect that what are past
Can ne'er return again.

An awful day must surely come.
When all mankind appear
Before th' all-seeing God, the Judge,
The righteous will not fear.

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No, for with Jesus they shall dwell
In perfect happiness,
And praise their blessed Saviour's Name
In scenes of endless bliss.

A Mother's Reminiscences of the Dangerous Illness of her Little Son

A few words that dropped from the lips of our dear son Ebenezer during the alarming and distressing complaint (the brain fever) with which the Almighty saw fit to afflict him in December, 1831, and January, 1832, when ten and a half years of age, being brought to the gate of death, and his poor parents fearing they were about to experience sorrow upon sorrow in the probable loss of their *only* remaining son, the Lord having taken the eldest, his dear brother, about fifteen months previously, we believe to Himself. . . . Tears of gratitude would often flow while beholding the dear boy, and contemplating the wonders God had wrought, with whom all things are possible. Truly has Hart said :

'Afflictions make us see
What else would 'scape our sight.'

December 28, 1831.—In the morning E. H. said to me as I came into the room, and seeing me busy : 'Where are my sisters ? I want them to read to me.' 'My dear,' I replied, 'I shall be very glad indeed to read to you. What shall I get ?' But he so kindly said, 'I am afraid you are tired' ; and

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when I said, 'No, I am not,' he wished me to find the Psalm that was read in class on the breaking-up day at school, about ten days previous, saying at the same time there was something he observed, and wanted to see it again. While I was finding it he said to me: 'I often think how unprepared to die those families must be who never have family prayers,' instancing our next-door neighbours, etc., as an example.

December 29.—He said to me in the course of the day: 'Mother, do you know I dreamt I saw Thomas, and I said to him, "I shall tell mother I have seen you," and poor Thomas said, "Perhaps you had better not, as she will feel it." I then said, "Have you seen Joseph?" (his cousin). He replied, "No." Then came along Cleeve, and I knew no more.'

December 30.—He whispered to his dear father, and told him he had had such pleasant dreams, and had felt so very comfortable since. 'Yesterday morning I dreamt I met Jesus, and He shook hands with me, and said, "You shall come with Me, and shall be forever with Me."' Assured mercy, he was the Lord's for ever.

January 1, 1832.—Though he was considered in a state of delirium, he often spoke collectedly and perfectly correct on the best things. At times he would show a little restlessness, and in a moment be as quiet as a lamb. He said: 'I thought I had Mary beside me. Mother, talk to me, and let your

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hand be in mine.' I said: 'What about, my dear?' 'Of poor Thomas.' 'Ah, dear boy, he once said to me (which your poor mother *keenly* felt) he was tired of his life.' Ebenezer replied: 'He is happy now.' 'We trust he is, my dear.' 'I can't help thinking I shall be with him. What a happiness will that be to meet all again in heaven who have been so united on earth!' I answered: 'My dear boy, if it is the Lord's will, O may that be our happy case.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'and I feel I shall meet him.' In the course of the morning he asked me for 'The Bank of Faith,' and for him to get up and read it. I said: 'I shall read it to you, as you must not try your head yet.' He replied: 'I am going to sleep now, but should like you to read a hymn.' I read to him out of the 'Infant Minds,' thinking he could not bear much. 'They are very pretty,' said he, 'but I know them all through. I like such as Newton's, Hart's, etc.' I then took them, and while perusing one on 'Coming to Jesus,' at the end of one verse he stopped me by saying, 'That means abiding in Jesus,' and I replied: 'You are right, my dear.' In much weakness of body he said to me, concerned: 'I have not said my prayers to-day; may I say them on my back?' When I gave him (dear boy) to understand God looked at the heart more than the position of the body, particularly when incapable of bending the knee, I ventured to ask if he would say them aloud, when, poor dear, he said: 'I

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would rather say them to myself.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'you will gratify your mother.' After a pause E. said, 'Don't you tell anyone, then,' and shortly after began, and went on in such a way as abashed his poor parent, and made her feel *she* never prayed anything like it, and so consistently. When he concluded I thanked him, and told him I hoped the good Lord would answer him to the joy of his heart. 'I don't pray as I used,' said he. 'I did not see why I should, because I wished to pray as I felt.' What reality!

January 2.—He said: 'I hope you will not think of telling anyone I have said my prayers to you, for that I should not like at all. Someone with Aunt Hooper the other day, was asking me if I were afraid to die. I said, "No"; but I *am* sometimes, at others not, and when I am I endeavour to make myself feel I am not.' 'How so? How is that, my dear?' said I. 'By looking to the Lord, and feeling something from His word, whereby I am made satisfied.' What mercy!

January 3.—At seven o'clock in the morning he called his father up to read the last chapter of Revelation. 'Don't read the whole,' said he, 'only the last part from the paragraph.' His dear father and I thought we never saw and felt so much from it before, and as I laid listening with attention to what he had proposed, I felt astonished and surprised. Though at the worst in his body, so perfectly rational on the best things, and quite correct

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in his repetitions, that I could not help thinking surely the Almighty was about to remove him from us.

January 4.—E. H. said to me, 'Let me read the portion,' which he did aloud, and then requested me to read the 19th Psalm. 'I wish,' continued he, 'I might sit up in bed and read myself.'

5th.—To his sister: 'Martha read the portion.' When done he said: 'Also read the chapter of the first text. Is it a long chapter?' 'Fifty verses,' was the reply. 'Then you need not read it all.' (Ninth of St. Luke.) When she had read to the twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth verse—'That will do,' said he to her, and turned to sleep.

6th.—'I want much to play on the music that Martha taught me. I wish I could see it.'

8th.—'How do you do this morning?' said the dear child. 'I wish I might get up; I know I am better, even if the doctors do not say so or tell me so.'

Thou, O Lord, hast been kindly pleased to restore to health our dear son, our only spared son, with perfect faculties. . . . His poor mother commends him to the Lord, wishing and craving all that's for good. And may she not in reality say of Ebenezer, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped'? Amen.

MARTHA HOOPER.

January, 1832.

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CHAPTER X

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A FEW EMINENT PERSONS WHOM I HAVE SEEN IN THE COURSE OF MY LIFE OF SIXTY YEARS—E. H.

Here recorded by Request, March, April, 1881.

I HAVE been asked to write an account of my life and experience. This I began, but left off from an utter distaste of writing about myself, (as I dislike most other similar performances,) moreover, not wishing to leave narrations of mistakes and unprofitableness, which *must be*, if done as honestly as few dare reveal, and fearing it would but gratify curiosity more than instruct, and should not be seen by any out of my family, I therefore prefer to respond to another request—viz., to save from oblivion some recollections (from personal observation) of notable individuals of various classes, which may possibly interest my descendants as they find here referred to the names of those famous in historical works.

One of the first events of a public kind that I remember perfectly well was the death, on January 5, 1827, of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G., brother

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and heir-presumptive to the throne of George IV. I was then but about five and a half years old, and my father gave me a small brass medal of him, which I much valued and long kept, on which, round his bust was inscribed, 'The Soldiers' Friend,' he having been Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He had strongly opposed the Roman Catholic claims for Emancipation, which his brother, William, Duke of Clarence, rather favoured, and I often heard the lamentations of my friends, who were thorough Protestants, at his unexpected death, and their fear of his brother's sentiments.

Living in Southwark, I heard much of the death, on April 11, 1833, of REV. ROWLAND HILL, aged eighty-eight years, and his singular sayings.

In the Grange Road (No. 10), Bermondsey, where we then resided, lived also the celebrated Dr. RIPPON, the pastor of New Park Street Chapel for sixty-three years. One morning when walking near his house with my father before breakfast, he pointed him out to me conversing with a gentleman. He was an aged man, small and thin, and died December, 1836, aged eighty-six. I do not think my parents ever heard him preach, not being Baptists, and of different religious views (viz., Huntingtonian), which rejected all other.

Having mentioned one Royal name, I may as well refer to others. First, the Duke of Clarence

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succeeded his brother George IV., (who died June, 1830,) under the title of WILLIAM IV. He was then sixty-five, and had been engaged in the navy. I saw him a few times on going down to Deptford and Woolwich with QUEEN ADELAIDE (a good and benevolent Queen) to christen some ships-of-war on being launched, and once on his going to open Parliament. He was a rough-looking man, not tall nor of much dignity, appeared rather unintelligent, with a very red face, as if he indulged freely in drinking: rather inactive and easy going. He was somewhat popular, as favouring Liberal measures and reform, contrary to his father and brothers, who firmly held to Tory privileges and power.

Regard for the PRINCESS VICTORIA was far deeper and more extensive, as she was the heir-apparent. She lived with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and when at Ramsgate in 1836 I often saw her walking on the pier and driving about. She was plainly dressed, wore a blue bonnet, and aged then about seventeen, and pleasantly acknowledged the salutations of passers by. I received several of such nods from H.R.H. She was very fair and short. The carriage waited at the end of the pier, while she walked its whole length with her mother and her chamberlain, a tall military man, Sir John Conroy, G.C.B. Once on entering her carriage, no attendant being close by, I was inclined to offer my hand, when he came up. She would occasionally wander on

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the sands, unknown, with a lady or two, and stay and ask questions of the old sailors. The next year she became QUEEN VICTORIA, at the age of eighteen, and I had the pleasure of seeing her plainly both going and returning, on two of the most notable events of her life, viz., her coronation, June, 1838, and her marriage with Prince Albert, February, 1840. The former was a general holiday, a time of great rejoicing, and a remarkably fine day. After an early breakfast my dear father, two sisters, and I went to the West End and took our station in St. James's Street, where by the kind offices (or rewarded favour) of a good-natured policeman we held a good position in the front rank for some time till the grand procession passed down to the Abbey. We saw her plainly, the Duke of Wellington, and Marshal Soult, his old antagonist, who represented France, and was loudly cheered. I saw her also on her return to Buckingham Palace about four o'clock, near Hyde Park Corner, but all was then in a far less orderly manner. She looked when going, fresh and collected, but on coming back was pale, less animated, and jaded; and no wonder, after filling so important a part in a long, gorgeous, and imposing list of ceremonies, before the nobility and chief people of England.

Her marriage with Prince Albert was a quietish affair, creating none of the excitement as at her son's in later years—a short drive only to the small chapel of St. James's from Buckingham Palace,

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a dozen coaches, and a band or two, and not much crowd or noise, as I and my cousin B. Hooper easily stood in the park near St. James's.

After this I saw her several times while in London, chiefly in going and returning from opening Parliament with her Consort. She then began to look more staid and motherly, and well filled the dignity and duties of her high and responsible station, and gained, as she deserved, the love and esteem of her people, which was always enthusiastically shown to her. After the Prince's death her public appearances were but seldom.

Besides the occasion of the wedding just noticed I often saw the Prince Consort, PRINCE ALBERT, K.G., once in particular, at the opening of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots in June, 1855, when I was present, and saw and heard him plainly for some time. His portraits well represent him as one of the best-looking men, mild, intelligent, yet cheerful and benignant, though more of a *sober* cast than one of playfulness. He was a remarkably fine figure, well made, upright, tall, (about five feet ten inches,) with fair complexion, and not much beard, but shaving was then in vogue. I heard him converse with the Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce, who took part in the ceremony—a very eloquent man (like his father), and known as 'Soapy Sam,' from his slippery principles. He had been tutor to the Prince of Wales.

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On returning from the Coronation I was jammed in a crowd near Hyde Park Corner, close to a carriage wherein sat a nobleman and a peeress, whom I saw well, and from the arms and motto found on returning home that it was no other than the Countess of Lovelace, *née* ADA BYRON, the daughter of the celebrated poet Lord Byron.

I will next mention one eminent man whose name filled the events public and political of the period of my youth, as it will be remembered in all future histories of our country, where he is recorded with the highest honour that has been bestowed on any individual. I allude to that great warrior and statesman ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., whom I frequently saw walking and riding, also sometimes indoors. Wherever he was recognised he was the object of much notice, if not applause, which he calmly took. His features were striking, his walk erect, his manners affable, evincing no pride or hauteur. He had a military bearing, and sat upright on horseback, acknowledging any salutation with a peculiar touch of the front brim of his hat with two of his fingers. But not always was he honoured by the mass, for in the struggle for the Reform Bill, 1830-32, as a Conservative he felt it his duty to oppose this just demand of the people, and procured its delay, but had to yield his office of Premier to his upright and noble rival, Earl Grey, whose Government carried the measure in the face

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of the strenuous opposition of the House of Lords. At this juncture the riotous proceedings in various parts of England, especially at Nottingham, provoked by the Duke of Newcastle, and at Bristol by Sir Charles Wetherell, inflamed London, where the mob stoned the windows of Apsley House, Piccadilly, in revenge and mischief, being provoked by his repressive policy. This I saw several times, as it was left to the disgrace of his countrymen for some months, nearly every pane being smashed from top to bottom. But the 'Old Duke,' as he was called, was not to be frightened or beaten, so he had iron blinds to every window in case such a time should recur. They were needless, as he soon regained popularity.

I saw him at the Coronation of Queen Victoria (he took part in three such ceremonies, indeed in all state functions and also in many government affairs, he was for thirty years or more, a very prominent personage). Occasionally I heard the Duke speak at public meetings, and once was close to him when presiding at a meeting at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, to aid the National Monument to Nelson erected in Trafalgar Square, and again at a very interesting one for the same object held at the Freemasons' Hall on Saturday, June 16, 1838, under the presidency of the Duke of Buccleugh, then quite a young Scotchman. At this meeting were assembled and spoke such an array of eminent warriors as seldom are seen together,

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among them the Marquis of Anglesey (who after his loss at Waterloo walked with a cork leg), Earl of Eldon, Lord Lynedoch, Sir G. Murray, Sir G. Cockburn, T. Spring Rice, H. Vivian, Sir T. Hardy, etc., of which meeting the *Times* report is preserved in one of my scrapbooks. One thing was noticeable, that my two sisters, who sat with me in the centre, were the only ladies present.* The advertisement named a 'general meeting,' which we took for a public meeting, and so, not caring to leave, they bore their conspicuous position without any notice, and enjoyed a gratifying sight. The Duke made a long speech in honour of Nelson. He was not an eloquent or fluent speaker, but his ideas were forcible and practical, and he made himself understood. The Duke seemed about five feet seven or eight inches tall, rather thin than stout, and was very fond of a dark-blue frock-coat and narrow-brimmed hat. I did not, as most people, see the grand funeral procession to St. Paul's on November 18, 1852.

His funeral was an immense attraction, and a general holiday in the City and West End.

* Though no mention of this exceptional intrusion was made in the reports of newspapers, it is worthy of remark that in the notices for a similar meeting in the City a few months after there was a special note that 'ladies might attend.' Several of the Aldermen's families were on the platform, and the Countess of Jersey and others sat or stood close to His Grace's chair, to whom he occasionally affably spoke. He wore a plain dress, white trousers (then the fashion), and the star and jewel of the Order of the Garter.

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Elizabeth Fry.

I once heard her speak at the Friends' Meeting-House in Red Cross Street, Borough, at some special services, which she attended with her brother, John Joseph Gurney. She was a fine tall figure, with a soft commanding voice, of fluent and deliberate distinct utterance.

John Cumming, D.D.,

was esteemed one of the most eloquent and popular of London ministers for some years after his settlement at Crown Court, Drury Lane. In the year 1842 he delivered at Surrey Chapel on successive Tuesday evenings, a course of lectures exposing the errors and deceits of Popery and Puseyism. They were masterly, exhaustive, and full of the contrasting truth, and well worth reading now (all in my library). Some passages are sublime in energy, courage, and pathos, sweetly clothed in the language of Gospel love and truth. Dr. Cumming's style was of the quiet kind, his voice soft but clear, and of a strong Highland accent, which was so well modulated with pure English sentences as to (be) very pleasant to the ear. The argument was forcible and clear, on good Scriptural basis, and his charges of heresy did not rest on report and opinion or suspicion, but always by strict quotation of their own words and references to their own works. Free from all denominational bigotry, there was a large congregation of all sorts.

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The last one, on 'the Gospel of Christ,' I heard with much feeling and blessing and profit, I believe, for life, loosening the hold of some narrow errors I had been trained in and imbibed. Dr. Cumming often lectured against Popery, in which controversy he had no equal, and was never surpassed. At times the lower orders of Roman Catholics would attack with riot the exponent of their errors. Once at Dockhead many strongly expressed their indignation, and Dr. Cumming had no attendants, so I assisted him on the platform to take care of his coat, books, etc., dreading their violence. He took up prophetical study, and wrote much; his mind gave way a few years before his death in July, 1881, aged seventy-three.

Edward Irving.

On two occasions I saw this eminent man; once met him at the West End with my father. He was very tall, six feet two inches, with a curious cast or squint, and long black curly hair; no one could help noticing him. The other occasion was accidentally, in the garden of a house in Essex as we drove by.

Revs. Hugh McNeile, D.D.
(of St. Jude's, Liverpool), and

Hugh Stowell, M.A.
(of Manchester),

were two of the most faithful and eloquent Protestant advocates at that time, in the Church of

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England, and whether in pulpit or on platform (Exeter Hall especially) never failed to attract immense audiences in London as in the provinces. In graceful manner and language they were near perfection, also in self-command when opposed. Their style on all occasions was free, persuasive, and unfettered by notes. They were intimate friends, and both were highly gifted in preaching the pure Gospel of Christ with feeling and earnestness and success. McNeile was made Dean of Ripon. Hugh Stowell died in 1865.

While I was an apprentice I several times heard the great SIR ROBERT PEEL (then Premier) speak in the House of Commons, often in reply to the sarcastic and worrying attacks of Benjamin Disraeli. His masterly eloquence, pleasant voice, and graceful manner, were admirable, and as a speaker he stood unrivalled. He generally wore a buff-coloured waistcoat and frock-coat. His command of the attention of the House, and power to evoke their approving acclamation, was very striking, and well worth hearing and seeing. His sad and painful death in 1850, after great suffering occasioned by a fall from his horse, called forth the deepest and general national sympathy.

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CHAPTER XI

LETTERS, EXTRACTS, AND VERSES

'There are remains of great and good men which ought to be gathered up by the survivors—their sayings, their writings, their examples—that, as their works follow them in the reward of them, they may stay behind in the benefit of them.'—MATTHEW HENRY.

WHEN NEARLY FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

WE are now at the close of another year. Let us look back and review the mercies of which we have been the recipients during that period—mercies numerous as the sands, that have daily been showered upon us as rain upon the grass, of which we are altogether undeserving. We are compelled to cry out, 'What are we that Thou dealest thus kindly with us?' We are come to the beginning of another year. Let us make it, as it were, a new year of our time, and by seeing the faults that we have committed, let us endeavour to correct them, and double our exertions in benefiting others. We know not if we may see the close of it; therefore, when many of our friends and relations are snatched from time to eternity, ought we not to reflect, and

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say : ' Our turn may be the next. Let us therefore be ready and prepared to meet our God.'

Seeing from how many dangers He has in His mercy preserved us, we perceive a Providence continually watching over us both day and night to keep us from all the calamities to which we are constantly exposed. And what return can such weak creatures make to so great a Being ? None. But let us devote all the powers that He has given us to His service. Let us pray for grace to be kept from vanity and the worldly snares that are so thick in the youthful path, and are so alluring that we often know not of our danger before we are victims of our folly. And by keeping our minds fixed on better things, our thoughts will be free from wandering upon such things as will do us no real good.

We cannot appreciate God's love in sending His dear Son to die for poor lost sinners, and He who hath thus far kept and preserved us in our journey in this wilderness, may He be our Guide even unto death!

What avail will honour, kindred, riches, or friends be upon a dying bed ? None whatsoever. To know our interest in Christ will be the only consolation when about to depart from this world to another, and cheer us in our passage over the river of Death towards the Celestial City. And beholding the uncertainty of life, each should ask himself the question : ' Am I prepared should I this year be called to appear before God ?'

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If we are prepared, we shall hail the summons that calls us to leave this transitory world. Seeing, then, the sparing mercy of God in thus far having preserved us, we exclaim with David: 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?' Oh for grace to be ever kept mindful of them, and to render all our praise to our Almighty Preserver!

E. HOOPER, Jr. (aged 14¾ years).

April 21, 1836.

March 3, 1852.

I am now nearly thirty-one, more than twice my age when I wrote the above. On finding this paper to-day, I cannot but be struck at my slow progress, to think how little I know compared to what it appears I did then. Can this be growth in grace? I trust it may be in self-knowledge, in a sense of my ignorance, and greater need than ever of God's care and guidance, His teaching and upholding power.

E. HOOPER.

The following remonstrance was occasioned by a peevish fit that his mother sometimes gave way to, upbraiding her husband and others for imagined faults:

November 16, 1840.

DEAR MOTHER,

. . . Oh, my dear mother, if we are to follow Christ, we must have a cross to bear after Him. Look at our condition as a family, blest beyond

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others in an infinite degree, and where, oh, where is our thankfulness? Health has been vouchsafed, and if God corrects not in one way, He will in another; not in vindictive vengeance, which we justly merit, but His people He corrects in love. I now see more and more what is the cause of the irritation you feel, and can feel for you. Oh that you may be enabled to carry it to the Lord, and cast it upon Him! But I have grieved to see how often on the Sabbath, or on going or returning from the sanctuary, the mind has been so fettered that I am sure the service must have been useless; and then immediately to plunge into earthly affairs, and to be ruffled in spirit from very trifles, so as, I am sure, those who serve under you must wonder what the religion we profess consists of, if such things can be treated as of such moment. Now, dear mother, I say this in love. Do take it so, and may I entreat you not to put temptation in our way by bringing private matters into controversy before us, and cause us to long to see you both in sweet communion, walking in the ways of God. . . .

Dear and valued mother, with every sincere and heartfelt sentiment of ardent attachment, increasing love, filial devotion, and real regard,

Your only and truly affectionate son,

EBENEZER.

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To his Son, Eight Years Old.

BERMONDSEY,
October 14, 1853.

MY DEAR BOY,

We were glad to hear you and dear Stephen, with your uncle, arrived safely at Sleaford, and hope it will do you good. I cannot praise you for the note you sent. Look at it again. I know you can write one to me and your dear mother *better* both in *writing* and *expression*. Try again, take time, and do not be in a hurry, as if you wished it done that you might play or do something that pleased yourself, as if it was of no consequence whether you wrote well or badly. Remember, it will please *us* to have a nice note, which you should be anxious to do. It looks so selfish when we only do what we like. We should try and please others; this makes us feel really *happier*—think how much we and others have done to please you—most of all, we should try to do what is pleasing to God, who gives us such great mercies day by day. I hope you love to read your Bible.

'There His commands are written, too,
To teach us what we ought to do.'

You may be sure something is wrong in your mind or conduct when you do not find delight in reading that blessed Book. It is one of our greatest mercies that God has written it for our learning,

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or, rather, taught holy men of old to write it (see 2 Tim. iii. 15-17, and 2 Pet. i. 19-21). We never do well when we refuse to take heed to its instructions and warnings. It is always a comfort to me and your dear mother when we ever see you or Ebby fond of it, and we hope you will never go back, but love it more and more, and pray God to teach you to understand it, and write it on your hearts.

We hope you are kind to little Stephen, and behave to him as his eldest brother *ought to do*. Take care of him, amuse him, and set him a good example. The house is so quiet since you left, so we must think you and Stephen are the two most noisy ones. Eb is a very good boy, reads his Bible, and is very steady and fond of books. He is now so pleased to come and read me a story all through every evening after tea, and he tries to read nicely, and does read very plainly. Speak properly to your grandfather, and mind and be obedient to Aunt Ann, who will tell you what is right, and, like us, is very anxious you should grow up to be a *good man*. Write to us. We all send love and a kiss.

Your affectionate father,

(E. HOOPER).

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To his Eldest Son, about to leave School.

REDHILL,
December 9, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR SON,

I have written many letters to you while you have been at school, and as this may be the last, I have had it on my mind to address you especially on an event that is certainly an important one in your life—viz., your leaving your studies to enter more into the business of life, and to bring the instruction you have received into daily practical use. Thus time rolls on, and one generation succeeds another, and one stage of our history is so quickly followed by another that we need at times take opportunity of considering and pondering our path. Your dear mother and I have reason to believe you have been diligent at your schools, and endeavoured to attain useful knowledge, and have been thankful to find you have liked learning, and that you have more than an average ability. Now the thing is to seek God's blessing upon it, and, if He spares your life, to direct you into that pursuit most congenial and likely to be most useful to society and advantageous to yourself. Remember, my dear son, whatever it is, or whatever you may be, without the blessing of Almighty God nothing will really prosper. In vain we rise early or sit up late unless He prosper our endeavours. There is a better part, a one thing needful, and we are told,

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FIRST—mind, first—to seek Jesus and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto us. It is not well to desire riches, but rather competence with contentment, for we can carry nothing out of this world.

You are about to return for a while under our roof, here to stay. Now, as our eldest, your dear mother and I look forward to the enjoyment of your stay, not as a child only, but as a companion, and trust your entering upon this new sphere will be a comfort and blessing to us as a family, and also a pleasing change to yourself, and that you will rightly avail the opportunities you may have of acquiring further knowledge, and filling a more responsible position, for as the eldest of our large family we wish you to feel that your dear brothers and sisters look up to you for advice and assistance, which you should feel it an honour and pleasure always to render when you can, even to the laying aside your own choice, and also as an example in spirit, conduct, and speech; and here I desire you may feel your place, and endeavour to conduct yourself to the satisfaction of all, which is sure to win their esteem and love and kindness.

I assure you, my dear son, I have had many anxious thoughts about your leaving school and living for a time in daily communication and closer connection, and as we have all our faults, I do wish to act aright to you as a father and your best earthly *friend*, and hope you will always feel freedom and

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confidence in me, to consult and advise in everything connected with your well-being, as I was happy always to be able to do to my own dear father. It will be at the same time a relief and a privilege, which I hope you may always value and make use of, and I never check or prevent. You will have now to do with persons of your own station in business, and with others who serve you. To both render due respect and attention, for if poor they are no less honourable or worthy of regard, and tend to the welfare and prosperity of others, so that our class is as much dependent on theirs as they on us. May a spirit of love and kindness pervade your behaviour and converse, and may you grow in favour with all who know you, whether relations or otherwise, and, above all, may you know and enjoy the love and favour of God, who has revealed to us His will in His Holy Word, and given us rules and directions that in keeping His commandments is great reward! May He grant you His Holy Spirit to convince you of sin and lead to Jesus, that you may know and love and serve Him! This is my chief desire for you, which, with all others expressed in this letter, accept as a proof of your parents' affection and interest in your welfare. Your dear mother joins in kind love with

Your affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

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REDHILL,
November 3, 1862.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER E. M.,

I address *you* as I may not have much opportunity to do so again, and hope you and dear L. are well and happy. . . . The time of one period of your life coming to a close—I mean that of pupil—is now drawing very near, and you will be entering upon the new one of domestic duties, and to bring into use and service the knowledge you have attained. I believe your dear mother and I have no reason to be dissatisfied with your progress at school. New scenes have great attractions to youth, and they look forward to each new one as happier than the former. I would not, my dear girl, damp your spirits, but having lived longer, I have learned this truth, there is no real happiness in a world like this, out of Christ Jesus, but there is something to mar and spoil every anticipated lot, and nothing but the love of Jesus in the heart can give real peace or solid contentment. May that best blessing be yours, and may you have the fear of God, which is the beginning of true heavenly wisdom! We all anticipate your stay to assist at home, and I have no doubt you will be a happy companion, as well as a kind helper, to your most invaluable and dear mother, whose devotion to you and your brothers and sisters you have already so often witnessed. She needs now a helper, and I trust you, my dear girl, may be spared, and have

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health, strength, and wisdom to relieve her of some family cares and burdens. . . . May God's Word guide your feet, and His blessing attend you, and we need not fear, for that is better far than all this empty world's honour or riches or pleasures! They all fade and come to nothing, but 'he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.' . . .

Your affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

CHELMSFORD,
October 5, 1865.

OUR VERY DEAR SONS,

Your dear mother and I were very pleased to hear of Eb's safe arrival at Birmingham, and that his brother kindly met him. May you be helpers one of another! May God direct him and crown him with success! I should not object myself to reside at B. if an opening, but should hesitate to move all our tribe to that distant region, away from friends, London, etc., where business will at times call me.

July 21, 1866.

MY DEAR SON,

Yours and your brother's letters much troubled me. I cannot see the wisdom of your proposals. Should be thankful if you could feel settled. Coming in the midst of my affliction, shows me how great my loss—I to finish my journey alone. I feel nothing worth living for in this world

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but to aid and bring up my dear children. To these I desire to devote my time, health, strength, and abilities. If I was taken, what would devolve on you for their protection! But I should not trouble you with to-morrow's trials or those that may never come. If you left England, it would aggravate their loss, so duty to them seems to require your stay.

I felt it a mournful comfort to have you all here at the time of our late bereavement. Could you not all keep quiet in your situations for another year or two at least?

July 19, 1866.

MY DEAR SON,

I fear you err and stumble in judgment, as I once did, in expecting to find ministers holding and preaching, as you say, 'the whole truth.' But I never found it, and no more will you. Truth is so extensive and deep, none can hold it all, or to any extent all its parts. Thus the value of diversity of gifts and operations. Yet no one taught of God will, I believe, wilfully reject any part, though unable to speak of it as others do. How different are many ministers we have known, yet led of the Spirit!

January 8, 1867.

I do entreat you will not neglect to take sufficient care for your personal comfort, or you may suffer in other ways. Taking no stimulant, do have

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good food and rest, and provide proper clothing. You know nothing would more pain me than for you to go short and wrongly deny yourself of necessities and comforts.

CHELMSFORD,
March 4, 1867.

MY VERY DEAR SON,

Glad to hear just now, and trust you may be comfortable. 'Behold I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will not leave thee,' etc., He said to Jacob and to all His people. I felt for you at parting. You were going so far, and no friends or acquaintance near there. I trust you may soon be settled nearer. I do feel the separation painful—so few opportunities of personal communication, it all shows this is not our rest.

P.S. AND N.B.—I was sorry at letting you go without uniting together in prayer to the dear Lord for His blessing, direction, guidance, and presence. But the reflection may work for good. I propose, if agreeable to you, to devote half an hour every Sunday afternoon, half-past five to six, to try to unite in spirit at that time for His blessing on ourselves and the dear ones, that God may keep them from sin and evil, and incline their hearts to seek Him. Let me know your mind, and if we find it good can enlarge or alter the time. 'Lord, teach us to pray.' 'He will be inquired of.' 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' 'If two of you shall agree on

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earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done.' What condescending love! What encouragement to seek! Weak our efforts, but God may bless, and prayer is for weak ones.

March 12, 1867.

What half-hour do you now employ? Is it morning, half-past five to six? I do not wish to drop it, for I find it good. The enemy would keep us from any attempt, however feeble, to serve the Lord. . . . The time elapsed before I was aware till the church clock struck. I felt some pleading through Jesus for myself and you all individually. May the Lord hear and answer!

A long obituary—better not written. How facts known to some and the obituaries written for others disagree! Of all things I dislike them, and nothing would be more against my mind than for such words to be written of me and appear, especially in magazines.

May 31, 1867.

I trust I found Wednesday a day of some profit. Spent a few hours alone in the fields and in my room in evening. Felt it good to remember the way the Lord had led—through grief, but with many mercies. Cause for sorrow at the severance of so dear and near a tie. Oh for grace to live to God the remaining days! I could mourn, but a feeling of praise

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seemed to predominate. I went to her grave, but her spirit is the best and brightest contemplation for us. I cannot mourn over the tomb as some do. May you and your dear brothers and sisters and I follow your beloved mother as she followed Jesus and lived to Him!

June 26, 1867.

It is race-week here. With what zeal do Satan's servants serve him! Yet the wages are death. They run heedless on, and, as Berridge says, 'dance the hellward road apace.' Who maketh to differ? Oh to live as pilgrims!

I agree with you that many have found comfort, and food, too, for their souls in a view of Jesus or some Scripture, entirely at variance with correct interpretation. I once heard a man try and prove the elder brother was a worldling, by taking the key of another parable: 'The field is the world'—the elder son was 'in the field'!

In April, 1867, after a visit:

I reached my dear home at six, and found all well. 'Oh for a heart to praise the Lord.' I wish to thank you again for all your care and thoughtful kindness in entertaining me. I felt it much. May God bless and reward you!

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Referring to Fenianism, etc.:

December 18, 1867.

We sow Maynooth endowment and reap anarchy. What a mad outrage at Clerkenwell on Friday! May the Lord appear and lead us to confess our sins!

At times I feel dear mother's removal from us was in love. There is a needs-be for trial. None exempt. I hope it has been sanctified, and desire it may yet be, for the days of mourning for her are not ended. All is well for her, beloved one! May we follow her as she followed Christ!

December 30, 1867.

I often pray on going to Bures I may have good company or none, that I may read and try and speak a word to fellow-travellers; but how it needs grace and the blessed anointing! Do you not feel the need of the text daily, and among all kinds of men, 'Speach *always with grace* . . . know how to *answer* every man' (Col. iv. 6)? How a word may draw out the spirit of Jesus in another, or the spirit of Satan! One present in the train may be a brother in the Lord. To discern grace and discuss better topics, how real are such pleasures!

1869.

I get knocks from both sides, U. H. and C. for being so firm a Baptist; R. for not being Baptist enough. R.'s letter (fourteen sides!), hard, unjust, and con-

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tentious; attributes to me sentiments I do not hold, nor ever did. All 'obedience' is to attend their ordinances strictly, all 'disorder' is not to uphold them and their church. I hope for wisdom and calmness to reply some day.

CHELMSFORD,
April 27, 1869, 12.45 *a.m.*

MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER,

I do not wish your birthday to pass without the expression of my heart's most sincere desires for your happiness and welfare, and my sense of your kind, cheerful, and willing services to us all as a family, so diligently rendered since so much more care and responsibility devolved upon you by the sudden removal from us of your invaluable mother, whose memory is still very dear to me, and whose loss we can but mourn and feel, and I believe we long shall, for she was indeed 'one of a thousand,' and filled her position ably and in the fear of God.

Especially would I offer my warmest congratulations now that you attain your majority, and pray that your future years, now you enter on *womanhood*, may be happy ones, in whatever state the all-wise God may see best to fix your lot on earth. May you also see that His will is best, and feel you are guided by Him, who can best choose our path! for *we* know not what is best, and if left to our own choice should often go wrong, not knowing the future.

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At present you are filling a very useful place, and have been a great stay and comfort to us as a household. I have often prayed that you might have needful wisdom, and so feel the Lord remarkably fitted you for the new duties and new anxieties you were called to, by the sad and sorrowful stroke that took in a moment one so dear from our midst; but we are sure it was for her gain and bliss. May we follow her steps! Beyond all earthly good, (which is uncertain, mixed, and transitory at the best). I pray you and my other dear children may by God's grace possess 'the treasure in heaven that faileth not.' I hope you have some regard to heavenly things, and esteem for some of God's dear people. May you see your need of Jesus as the Friend of sinners and the preciousness of grace and mercy TO YOU! None that come to Him shall be cast out, and they that seek shall find. No better treasure through life than His fear in the heart. Sometimes I have feared you had too much for one so young, but hitherto you have been helped. Accept my kindest love and thanks for all your care of me and help. May the Lord reward you abundantly, and bless you and make you a blessing still, and spare you to us!

A toothache made me get up, so I took the opportunity of writing the first hour of your birthday. May love rule amongst us!

Your affectionate father,

(E. HOOPER).

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To his Son.

November 17, 1869.

Now you are the head of a house and family I trust you omit not the family altar, or you can never expect God's blessing. I did so lament the hurried getting up and omission thereof at breakfast-time. I have never from my childhood been used to it, and do *entreat* you will attend thereto every evening, unless really prevented, and in the morning. Am sure it can be managed if there is a mind and heart. Four minutes will suffice to read a dozen verses of God's Word and a few words of prayer. Need not kneel if undesirable. More time is often wasted other ways, and this will never be missed, and will lead to good. Without God our efforts fail.

July 14, 1869.

Mr. Kershaw is dead. Laboured to the end. A useful, God-honouring life, to the glory of the Master, not seeking his 'own profit, but of many that they may be saved.' I feel his loss, for he was of use to me. You remember him at Zoar, years ago, when Mr. —— taught his people it was a sin to hear such men.

January 24, 1870.

I was talking with Mr. ——, of Bures, last week. He says they hold 'five points.' I see *twenty-five points* of truth, and do not wish to give up any, or

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confine it to the five cardinal ones and lose the others, or it becomes a perverted Gospel. I feel sure C. H. Spurgeon is wonderfully taught and fitted for this day to show the evil tendency of extremes and a partial Gospel. May God still uphold him, and make 'his bow abide in strength'! How he stands his ground, and grows in zeal, gravity, depth, and understanding, and proves that God is with him to lead and defend him, and so grows stronger and stronger!

August 24, 1870.

MY VERY DEAR T.,

To-day I am reminded by the above date (St. Bartholomew's Day) of two events notable in the history of Protestantism and of Nonconformity in England; both for truth, for God, and conscience. We inherit the fruits of others' devotion and steadfastness, yet while we enjoy the privileges, how forgetful we are of the sufferers and the grace bestowed on them!

G. Müller's is a glorious, gracious work—1,200 orphans maintained, no distressing canvass; 179 missionaries abroad or at home, supported wholly or in part. How it casts all the societies in the shade, with their flattery, dependence on great men, devices, and guinea-squeezing abilities! Behold God's fulness! Gold and silver is His, and how the Bristol work proves it! Hundreds given at once, freely and unasked.

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December 13, 1871.

Most have considered Paul's 'thorn' to be his eyesight — ophthalmia, so prevalent, and is a pricking sensation—but I think is left purposely indefinite to apply to any of a believer's trials. See Gal. iv. 15, 16. My objection to this solution is that he calls it 'a messenger of Satan.' Now, bodily afflictions are from God Himself.

December 13, 1871.

As to Mark xvi. 16 and Eph. iv. 5, I never could bring myself so to *lower* them as to think they meant water baptism, for they are each *essential* and connected with salvation, or that the observing once in one's life of an outward ceremonial ordinance, which any mere professor or hypocrite can do, could ever be intended, but the higher, Divine, spiritual baptism connected with regeneration and eternal life; then all is plain to my mind. This best of baptisms is stated, 1 Cor. xii. 13. The substance, reality; water only a sign. With this view Bunyan agrees. Spiritually-minded anti-Baptists see this, but run into error in adopting sprinkling. Many, seeing that abused, ignore all water baptism —another mistake, I think.

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CHELMSFORD,
April 27, 1872.

MY DEARLY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

I sincerely congratulate you on this anniversary of your birthday, and heartily wish that if the Lord wills you may be spared to see many returns of this day, and that they may be ***happy*** ones in every sense. The last year has been one of trials and anxieties to you, unknown before, but I hope and believe that you have cause in the retrospect thereof, to discern and acknowledge something of the good hand of God towards you in guiding, teaching, and protecting you. If so, you may see that all was ordered for you, and so for the best. *One* event—that of your deliverance—I must ever consider and regard as a very clear and striking evidence of God's providential dealings in a chain of circumstances, some, most important in result, though so minute in the eyes of man. I do pray that you may still find Him your Guardian and Friend that 'loveth at all times,' choosing your way and blessing your soul with enduring, spiritual, substantial, everlasting mercies.

May you find His Holy Word and a throne of grace dearer to your heart than ever, so as to praise and bless Him for all, which He can make 'to work together by His wondrous power for good!'

Your continued devotion to our dear family and diligent usefulness, is a constant cause of gratitude to God and esteem for you. May He bless you *in*

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the heavy duties that devolve on you, and for which He has fitted you so marvellously, and reward you for all your great kindness! . . . Grace, mercy, and peace be with you prays

Your ever affectionate father,

E. HOOPER.

I do not think a Christian can *enter* the army, but being 'called' in it may remain. 1 Cor vii. 20-24 is decisive, to my mind, on the point.

Napoleon said, 'War is the business of barbarians.' Wellington said, 'Men with religious feelings should not be soldiers.' Sir Henry Smith said, 'The profession of a soldier is a damnable profession.' Sir C. Napier said, 'To be a soldier a man must overcome all feeling and regard to religion.' Burke said 'War suspends all rules of moral obligation.' These are strong and weighty opinions, besides all the Gospel says.

I was up soon after four this morning, and read Young's 'Night Thoughts,' second book. If you can get it I recommend its perusal — sublime thoughts of life, death, and eternity, but not much Gospel; yet most profitable. I fear Young was ignorant—at least, most of his life—of the *way* of salvation, yet had knowledge of real truth as to solemn things.

'Time wasted is existence—used, is life.'

This is a full line :

'Time destroyed is suicide.'

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1872.

Rather curious, just at this crisis I received the most insulting, false, scurrilous letter I ever received in my life, and from ——, after a friendship of life. . . . I could retaliate tenfold, and recall remembrances that would make him wince, but fear to take revenge. Try to commit it to God, and bear patiently.

Some 'high-doctrine' religionist wrote as follows: 'Family prayer I nowhere meet with in the Gospels or Epistles, neither would my Lord put such a yoke upon His people. I never would compel them (my children) to do that which the Scripture condemns—that is, bow the knee when the heart is at enmity against God. I have often thought there is nothing more hampering to the Lord's saints than family prayer,' etc. E. H.'s note on the margin is, '*Dangerous, wicked, un-Scriptural doctrine.*'

The following, from a magazine, was carefully preserved and underlined by E. H. It aptly describes his convictions as to integrity in money matters:

'"P.," Ipswich.—We most fully sympathize with you in your feelings as to professing Christians going in debt. We consider it perfectly shocking. We have long felt that *a Christian who owes money* has no right, in the sight of God or man, to *show hospitality*, to give *a penny in charity*, or to purchase

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a penny tract. We look upon it as positive unrighteousness. We have refused to dine with a person in debt, and told him plainly our reason, and that he had no right to ask anyone to dine so long as he was in debt. *The utter want of conscience on this subject is really dreadful.* It must sadly grieve the *Spirit of God*, and bring in leanness, barrenness, and deadness of soul. *We do not believe that the word of Christ can be dwelling in a person who has no conscience as to debt*, and we should feel called upon to mark such a person, and *have no company with him.* We are disposed to think that faithful personal discipline in all such cases would have a good effect. As to persons who have failed in business, and compounded with their creditors, we consider them *morally bound* to the full amount of their liabilities, and they are in debt until that amount is paid. No legal exemption could ever release a really upright person from the righteous obligation of paying what he owes. We feel called upon to write strongly on this subject, because of the *sad laxity* which obtains amongst professors with respect to it. All we want is to see some exercise of conscience, some *measure of effort, however feeble*, to get out of an utterly false position. A man may find himself unavoidably plunged in debt in fifty ways, but *if he has an upright mind* and a healthfully exercised conscience he will use every effort, he will curtail his expenses within the narrowest circle possible, *he will deny himself in*

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every way, in order to pay off the debt, even by a shilling a week. May the Lord give us to look at this great practical question with that amount of seriousness which it demands! We fear the cause of Christ is sadly damaged, and the testimony of professing Christians marred, through lack of sensibility and right-mindedness as to going into, and living in, debt. Oh for a tender conscience!'

The following two letters from Emma Hooper were inserted in a magazine some years after.

REDHILL,
November 27, 1858.

MY EVER DEAR SISTER,

I have been a long time silent, and now that I have some good news to communicate I feel a solemn pleasure and delight in speaking of the Lord's goodness to such an unworthy sinner. I have felt some sweet goings out unto the Lord, more or less, since the first Lord's Day in this month. On the eve of that day the Word was spoken home to my soul with great power from Isaiah lxiv. 5 during a sermon preached by Mr. Knill. Surely *I saw* 'the goings of *my God*, my King, in the sanctuary.' Bless the Lord, O my soul, for my eyes overflow with His goodness. The Word of God has been most precious to me. Hymns have flowed most sweetly. Those lines of Hart's seem to come so suitably:

'When thy title thou discernest,
Humbly then sue again
For *continual* earnest.'

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I have pleaded that passage most earnestly—'That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.' Read that hymn of Hart's, 'Who'er believes aright.' It seemed to encourage me to press on when a dulness came over my frame. Surely He has led me 'beside the still waters.'

Dear sister, I would not be deceived for a thousand worlds. One thing I know—since first I felt His love I cannot live without sensible enjoyment of Him. I do want to make *sure* work of salvation. I feel as if the Lord had made my foot to stand in an even place. I do feel my need of Him *to keep me continually*.

I must conclude, believing we are one in Christ. Precious thought! As dear Rutherford says, 'Our sand-glass will soon run out, and then for ever with the Lord!'

Your very affectionate sister,

EMMA HOOPER.

REDHILL,
January 11, 1859.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER,

I was glad indeed to hear from you after such a long silence. I should have written to know the reason, but really I have so many things to attend to that I could not spare the time, and to tell you the truth, I have been so glad to have every *little* spare time in searching the Word and in prayer,

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that I seem to have more than I can get through with these short days.

My dear sister, could I tell you the exercises of my mind of late, and the Lord's goodness to me, surely it would stir you up to cry unto God in real earnest. I have known of late what it is sweetly to wrestle with God and prevail. I have had to feel keenly of late, too, what a solemn thing it is to make a profession of religion, and also the responsibility of being a member of a church; but the Lord is my portion, the delight of my soul, my *only refuge*. My heart is broken, tears of grief and compunction run down my face. Oh to receive out of that blessed fulness there is in Christ! . . .

Dear Hannah, I can thank the Lord that religion is a personal thing. It is wise to make our calling and election sure. Pray for the Spirit's teaching; pray to live daily a life of *faith* upon the Son of God. My troubles increase, but, blessed be God! they drive me nearer to Him. I have some poor dear spiritual friends that can enter into my feelings. I fear many will be deceived.

And now, dear sister, what can I say to you? You tell me of your carnal state, and you do not like it. Cry to Jesus to give you a spiritual *mind*. I have long prayed for this, and I feel as if the Lord had heard my prayer. As the Lord shall enable me, I will not cease to pray for you, for I long for the prosperity of your precious soul. I am sorry outward circumstances perplex and tease your

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mind. Pray for more grace to enable you to bear it. I was favoured to sit down at the Lord's Table last Sabbath. These words arrested me sweetly, 'And with His stripes we are healed.' Blessed Saviour! will not such love melt thy heart? Pray unto thy Father which is in secret. I long for more *heart* religion; the day of trial will soon be here. I do rejoice I am so far on my journey. May I prove a good soldier! The victory is sure with Jesus on our side. I am often near fainting, and must sink if the Lord did not give me faith to believe His Holy Word. 'In Thy Word do I hope.' I hope I shall not weary you, but I love to talk about these things. Tell Mr. Chesterfield to pray the Lord to keep me near to Him. I should love to tell Mr. Tryon all I have gone through, but I am such a bad one at writing.

My love to all the friends, and you and your dear family accept the same from

Your very affectionate sister,

EMMA HOOPER.

REDHILL,
August 18, 1863.

MY DEAREST SON,

We received your welcome letter, and were deeply interested in your exercises of mind. May the Lord incline your heart to seek Him through all the opposition, both within and without, which you will have to feel till life's journey is ended! My dear boy, you lay near my heart, and my cry

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goes up to God on your behalf that He may be your Teacher and Guide, for it is only those that 'endure to the end that shall be saved.' I would try and encourage you in following on to know the Lord. Depend upon His word. None ever sought the Lord in vain; but be very careful not to neglect prayer, reading the Word, and attending the means. I am sometimes led to contemplate the value of the soul, while every other object seems lost sight of.

Your affectionate mother,

EMMA HOOPER.

Extract from letter written to E. H. by his sister Mary, six months before her death. Her infant had been killed in a distressing manner.

CAMBRIDGE,
December 3, 1849.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

. . . Our late trial I do trust has been sanctified. Still, nature does, and ever will, feel it keenly. A son we had often desired. Since the loss of our dear boy I have several times felt such a sweet nearness to the Lord that His presence seemed more than to make up for all. I feel now as if a part of myself was in the bosom of the Father, and surely taken from the evil to come. 'He gave, and, blessed be His name! He takes but what He gave.' Trials, they do indeed 'often' make the promise sweet. To be kept from murmuring under the rod is only the Lord's work. . . .

Your affectionate sister,

MARY STURTON.

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VERSES BY E. H.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE ON THE DEATH OF MRS. MORRIS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 21, 1833.

No more the world, with all its mirth and noise,
Can interrupt those pure and holy joys—
Those joys which only saints can e'er possess,
Those joys which are true happiness and peace.
And now her tongue in everlasting praise
Shall bless her Maker's name through endless days.

THOUGHTS ON A BIRTHDAY.

Written about the same time.

And hast Thou, Gracious Maker, deign'd
To bring me hitherto ?
How hast Thy providence sustain'd
Thus far my course below !

Yes, 'tis completely by Thy care
That to this point I come ;
And may I offer up my prayer
That Thou wouldst lead me home ?

The path of life is dark and rough,
I'm weak and foolish too ;
Be Thou my Guide, and that's enough—
Oh never let me go !

Let Thy blest precepts be my sun
To guide my steps aright ;
And may they be at every turn
Unto my feet a light !

Short is the road I yet have past,
Few summers I have seen ;
But may not this year prove my last,
And this one close the scene ?

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When I behold the wondrous grace
Thou dost on me bestow,
So poor, so vile, so weak and base,
What gratitude I owe!

Unclean throughout, depraved within,
I can do nothing good;
Cleanse me from guilt, and wash me in
The fountain of Thy blood.

Increase my faith that I may live
Devoted, Lord, to Thee;
That all the powers Thou deign'st to give
May consecrated be.

TO HIS SISTER.

An Acrostic.

Martha, to see her Lord, her joy exprest,
And love, by care to entertain her Guest.
Reproved she was by Christ, the Saviour dear,
Thus to be cumbered with earth's empty care.
Hear me now, Martha: one thing needful is,
And nought is wanted when possessing this.

May Jesus deign to bless our souls in youth!
Oh may He give us this one thing in truth!
Request it of Him, for He says He'll ne'er
Reject a contrite-hearted sinner's prayer.
Into our minds oh may He from above
Shine with His gracious beams of pard'ning love!

His love can cheer us in the darkest hour.
Oh may we feel its soul-refreshing power!
Oh may we earthly pleasure value less!
Possessing this one thing is happiness.
E'en this affords real pleasure while we live:
Receive we hence that comfort earth can't give.

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ON AN APPLE THE NAME OF WHICH I WAS INFORMED WAS 'BITTER-SWEET.'

This name may to many appear contradiction,
Yet taste of the fruit, you'll speedily find,
Tho' strange be the union, that this is no fiction,
For these qualities here are most fully combined.

Now here is an emblem, methought, of the pleasure
Pursued by the votaries of folly and sin;
They eagerly seize what they fancy a treasure,
But prove it is worthless and empty and mean.

Their fancied delights may be sweet while they're tasting,
But soon is exhausted the pleasure they bring;
These vanities, while precious time they are wasting,
In the sequel yield bitter remorse and a sting.

They are all 'bitter-sweets,' and the former most surely
Abound and outweighs the latter by far;
Let me, then, seek those joys that can yield, and that purely
Satisfaction when even the pleasure is o'er.

No unalloy'd happiness here; so expecting
To find it will prove all our hopes for it vain.
Give me calmer delights, those gay phantoms rejecting
Which end in regret, disappointment, and pain.

The ways of true wisdom are peaceful and pleasant,
Yielding joys such as worldlings discredit and slight;
Her paths seldom fail to delight at the present,
And lead to a future of endless delight.

What is life but a season of sweets and of bitters?
It often hath joys, but how soon they are gone!
Just as a sweet rose, which, alas! so soon withers,
And leaves in our hand the sharp sting of its thorn.

Ye gay, if ye choose, then go follow your bubbles;
The Shepherd I'll follow, with those who are His;
'Midst earth's bitter cares and this life's bitter troubles
He gives them sweet comfort, sweet hope, and sweet peace.

July, 1841.

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SENT ON THE EIGHTH BIRTHDAY OF HIS SON, THEN STAYING AT WORTHING.

The first verse is not by E. H.

It is just eight years this happy day that I first beheld my boy,
And fondly saw his little face with all a father's joy.
And I pray'd that many days on earth in mercy might be given;
That God would give His grace, and make our child an heir of heaven.

May you love to read God's Holy Book, and keep God's Holy Day!
Thro' Jesus' grace a pilgrim be, and run the heavenly way.
In kindness you, our first-born child, a good example show,
Strive to obey, and others please—'twill make you happy, too.

You're not too young to seek the Lord, to search His word, and pray;
Satan will try to tempt your feet in his deceitful way.
Your parents long to see you grow in knowledge and in mind,
But most of all desire your soul the better part may find.

And then, my boy, though trials come, your life will pass away,
God, your continual help, will give a hope of endless day.
May this best gift ere long be yours, and many birthdays tell
His great long-suffering care of you, and love unspeakable!

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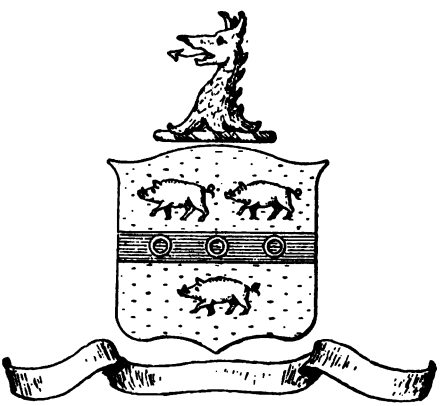
CHAPTER XII

GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Pedigree.



Arms.—Or, on a fess azure, three annulets argent, between three boars passant. *Crest.*—On a wreath, a wyvern's head, proper.

IN the year 1639 ROGER HOOPER was married to MARY LONG, to whom were born:

George, November 25, 1640. Roger, November 23, 1642. Anthony, February 18, 1644. Peter, December 4, 1646. Mary, November 21, 1648. Elizabeth, March 26, 1651. GEORGE, May 23, 1653 (died December 16, 1731, aged 79). John, April 13, 1655. Nicholas, July 25, 1657. Sarah, October 20, 1661.

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GEORGE (7th of this family) was married to JANE WASTEL,(*a*) January 25, 1682, to whom were born :

Jane, January 4, 1683. Mary, January 30, 1685. Sarah, December 31, 1686. George, January 2, 1688. GEORGE, April 23, 1690 (died October 4, 1768, aged 78). (Still born), December 24, 1692. Anthony, September 15, 1695. Stephen, September 17, 1697. Wastel, April 23, 1701.

GEORGE (5th of this family) was married to MARY PEAK May 22, 1717 (died 1748, aged 56), to whom were born :

Martha, February 1, 1719. GEORGE,(*b*) August 1, 1721 (died December 15, 1804, aged 83). William, February 14, 1724. William, June 7, 1725. Daniel, September 8, 1727. Mary, August 5, 1730. Jane, August 18, 1733. Stephen,(*c*) October 7, 1735.

GEORGE (2nd of this family) was married to MARY AYERST (*d*) November 22, 1752 (died 1798, aged 73), to whom were born :

Cleeve,(*e*) April 18, 1755. Mary,(*f*) March 31, 1756. George, April 16, 1757. John, April 5, 1758. THOMAS,(*g*) May 20, 1759 (died May 27, 1830, aged 71). William Daniel, October 1, 1760. Hannah, February 16, 1762. William, June 1, 1763. Martha, March 29, 1767. Stephen, October 16, 1768.

THOMAS (5th of this family) was married to MARY GOUGER,(*h*) 1789 (died October 29, 1833, aged 77), to whom were born :

Mary,(*i*) 1791 (died 1810). THOMAS,(*k*) November 11, 1793.

THOMAS (2nd of this family) was married to MARTHA MORRIS,(*l*) June 11, 1816, to whom were born :

Thomas, (*m*) March 13, 1817. Martha Morris, (*n*) July 10, 1819. EBENEZER,* April 22, 1821. Mary,(*o*) January 9, 1823. Anne,(*p*) August 22, 1825.

EBENEZER (3rd of this family) was married to EMMA WILLIAMS, September 24, 1844.

* Subject of this memoir. 'Baptized' June 13, 1821, by Rev. J. Vinall. Died March 20, 1885.

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NOTES.

(*a*) In Norwood Cemetery there is a stone in memory of *Stephen Wastel* Hooper.

(*b*) Captain G. H. (merchant), of Ramsgate; buried at Hawkhurst Church, also his daughters Mary and Martha.

(*c*) Captain S. H., of Margate, invented the 'horizontal mill' on Dane Hill.

(*d*) From near Cranbrook.

(*e*) Married Mary Woodward; buried at Maze Pond Chapel, Southwark.

(*f*) Married Mr. Carter, gold laceman, corner of Lombard and Gracechurch Streets, latterly of Mary Street, Hampstead Road. Buried at Hawkhurst.

(*g*) Land surveyor, Ightham Moat, near Seven Oaks, afterwards with Cleeve, farmer at Ringmer. Died at Lewes; buried at Jireh Chapel, Lewes.

(*h*) Of Ramsgate. ('Philomela.') Buried at Jireh Chapel. See record of her brother's family, p. 230.

(*i*) First to be interred at Jireh Chapel.

(*k*) Died Saturday, October 12, 1844, aged fifty years eleven months. Buried at All Saints, Lewes (see Chapters II. and III.).

(*l*) Died Tuesday, May 6, 1851, aged fifty-seven years five months. Daughter of Joseph and Ann Morris (see epitaphs J. M.).

(*m*) 'Baptized' August 22, 1817, by Rev. J. Vinall. Died October 27, 1830 (see Chapters II. and IX.).

(*n*) 'Baptized' August 8, 1819, by Rev. J. Vinall. Married May, 1843, to Mr. James Hay of Sunderland; had three daughters. Died November 2, 1884. Mrs. Hay, her husband, and two daughters are buried at Sunderland Cemetery.

(*o*) 'Baptized' March 20, 1823, by Rev. J. Vinall. Married to Mr. Joseph Sturton; had two daughters. Died Saturday, June 8, 1850, aged twenty-seven years five months. Buried at the New Cemetery, Cambridge (see letter, p. 222).

(*p*) 'Baptized' October 26, 1825, by Rev. J. Vinall. Died February 15, 1827, aged eighteen months.

On the walls of New Shoreham Church, Sussex, are a number of tablets with epitaphs to Dr. George Hooper, and others bearing the family name. On several tablets the arms are engraved.

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SOME PARTICULARS OF THE GOUGER FAMILY OF THANET.

COLLECTED BY A DESCENDANT, MR. WILLIAM BUNDOCK, OF BRIGHTON.

Captain John Gouger, father of Mary Hooper ('Philomela'), was commander of the ship *Eltham* during the whole time of his seafaring life as Captain. He was much respected, and was a deacon of the Congregational Church at Ramsgate over fifty years. A silver salver—still in possession of the Gouger family—was presented to him by the owners of the ship 'in testimony of the high esteem in which he was held as a man of integrity and Christian excellency, and also for his nautical ability.'* He was married to Mary Small, granddaughter of Francis and Mary Coxen. He died in August, 1809, aged eighty-three, and was buried in St. Lawrence's Churchyard.† His wife and five children survived him. She died April 19, 1825, aged eighty-nine years.

His son, John Gouger (brother of Mary Hooper), was born at Ramsgate in 1759, and died in 1851, aged ninety-two years. At the age of sixteen years Captain Gouger bought for him a farm at St. Nicholas-at-Wade, placing a

* A record of the salver mentions that 'Francis and Mary Coxen were the great-grandfather and grandmother, on the maternal side, of George Gouger. The former was born in the year 1677, and died in the year 1759, aged eighty-two. The latter was born in the year 1685, and died in the year 1748, aged sixty-three.'—Handed by Alfred Gouger to Daniel Gouger to John Wesley Gouger.

† A remarkable incident is recorded in a document in the possession of the Gouger family. Captain Gouger's successor was Captain Coxen (a relative), followed by Captain Philips. Captain Philips was washed overboard in a great storm, and while the sailors were looking for him in the sea, he walked up the main-deck steps, the seamen with amazement exclaiming, 'Is it you, Captain, or is it your ghost?' A huge wave had washed him back on to the lower part of the vessel. He was a good man, and kept the anniversary of that day sacred the rest of his life.

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man there to teach him farming. In 1765 John Wesley first visited that neighbourhood, and a society was formed in the village. John Gouger attended the services, and became a Methodist in 1778, continuing a member seventy-two years, circuit steward fifty years, and local preacher most of his life.

In the year 1765 Kent was one circuit—Canterbury, Dover, Faversham, Margate, Sandwich, and Sheerness—with 158 members. In 1775 Chatham, Ashford, and Sittingbourne were added. In 1785 Mr. Wesley opened the first chapel in Margate.

The beginning of Methodism at St. Nicholas was in 1779, at the house of Mr. Gouger. From 1780 to 1799 no record appears; they had preaching in a building near the church. In 1799 he built a chapel at his own expense, now three cottages. In 1822 the present chapel was built in his own orchard. Some part of the time—immediately before the first chapel was built in 1799—for some reason the little society worshipped at Birchington, about three miles away; he regularly attended there, and took a leading part. His wife Mary died in 1834, aged seventy-five years.

There is a burying-ground round the chapel at St. Nicholas, where lie the remains of himself and family. His daughter Mary, her husband Jonathan Bundock, with three of their sons and a daughter, are buried there.

COPY OF AN ACROSTIC WRITTEN BY JOHN GOUGER, IN HIS 90TH YEAR, IN AN ALBUM OF HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, ANN BUNDOCK.

All here is vanity, the preacher cries,
No joys uninterrupted earth supplies;
Nor can it smooth the wrinkled brow of care,

But mocks the fool who seeks his treasure there.
Unless some balm be found for human woes
No guilty sinner e'er can find repose.
Divine compassion has revealed the plan
Of grace and mercy free for helpless man:
Christ's blood applied, alone can calm the breast;
Kindle pure love;—prepare for heavenly rest.

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John Gouger's two sons were earnest and faithful workers. Francis, the elder (a bachelor), lived at home on the farm over sixty years. He was the chief shepherd, very kind-hearted, and tended his sheep a good deal in the Eastern fashion, going before his flocks. He was many years an acceptable local preacher, and spent nearly all his leisure time in Methodist work in his own village and the villages around; his horse and vehicle were much in request in meeting and carrying preachers to their appointments. Coming from one of his preaching services, his horse shied, and threw him from his trap, causing his death. His Christian character and spirit made him beloved of all who knew him.

The younger son, Daniel, was a prominent Methodist in Margate—a local preacher and circuit steward. For many years he read the Liturgical Service in Hawley Square Chapel.

Their sister Mary was born January 12, 1792, and died in the year 1870, aged seventy-eight years. She was always very active, and although she never had the use of her right hand, had great energy and ability in looking after her family and household duties. She married Jonathan Bundock, born at Canterbury January 2, 1795, died in 1866, at the age of seventy-one. He was so much respected that when the Canterbury Chapel was built in 1811, he, though only sixteen, was made a trustee, and appointed secretary to the trust, holding the office forty-five years. A sermon by the Rev. Hugh Ransom, on the text 'Do ye now believe?' was the means of his awakening, and led to his decision for God. He at once entered into useful work for Christ, became a local preacher, and for fifteen years laboured with much zeal and encouraging success till prevented by bodily affliction. He was a class leader for thirty-six years, and, until disabled, had held almost every office in the church.

As a young man, very active and zealous, he, with Mr. Thomas Hobday, went into the villages, preaching in the open air and in rooms. They were the pioneers of Methodism in many of the villages round Canterbury,

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meeting oftentimes with much opposition. He promoted the building of several village chapels, in which he delighted to preach God's everlasting truth. During his long, painful affliction (epilepsy) he loved to think of the Saviour's grace, and still took great interest in the cause of Christ.

They had ten children. The three eldest boys died at an early age. The youngest, still living (1904), collected the records from which these biographical notes are compiled.

The grandfather of the above Jonathan Bundock was John Bundock, a linen-weaver at Strood. *His son*, Jonathan, was born in 1770, and apprenticed when a lad to a staymaker at Sandwich. In 1785 he became a member of the Methodist Society, and endured much persecution for his religion. He commenced business at Canterbury, and was for many years a leader among the Methodists in that city, also treasurer till his death in 1843, not unfrequently paying the yearly deficiency of £100 out of his own purse. He kept the depot of the British and Foreign Bible Society without charge or remuneration.

In 1794 he married Mary Chandler, who died in 1799, aged thirty-three years, and was buried at Sandwich. His second wife was Lucy Rogers, a member of the Society of Friends. She died in 1834, and was buried in their ground at Canterbury.

One of his daughters married the Rev. James Bromley, a Wesleyan minister of Bath, who seceded during the Reform movement.

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE FAMILY TOMB, ALL SAINTS, LEWES.

The tomb is octagonal, and on each panel is grouped the epitaphs of one or more branches of the family, headed by the initials of its father.

J. M.

Sacred to the memory of (*and so to following groups*).

Ann, daughter of Joseph and Ann Morris, who died January 19, 1805, aged twenty-two years. Also of William, their son, who died December 1, 1814, aged nineteen years.

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Joseph Morris, late of this parish, gentleman, who died November 5, 1826, aged seventy-four years. Ps. xxxvii. 37. Also of his widow, Mrs. Ann Morris, who died March 21, 1833, aged seventy years. 1 Thess. iv. 14.

Thomas, son of Joseph and Ann Morris, who died at Beeding, in this county, August 29, 1839, aged twenty-six years. Also of Mr. Joseph Morris, late of Southover, Lewes, formerly of Stone Cross, Laughton, in this county, who died November 23, 1845, aged sixty-one years. Isa. xi. 10. Also of Ann, relict of the above, who died September 18, 1864, aged seventy-eight years. Job v. 26.

B. M.

Joseph, 1843, and David, 1848, infant sons of Benjamin and Eliza Morris. Also of Eliza, wife of Benjamin Morris, who died January 18, 1852, aged forty-eight years. Prov. x. 7. Also of Benjamin Morris, who entered into rest April 19, 1877, aged seventy-seven years. Ps. xxxvii. 37.

E. M.

Jane, the beloved wife of Ebenezer Morris, of the Cliffe, Lewes, who gently fell asleep December 31, 1874, aged seventy-two years. 'Perfect in Christ Jesus.'—Col. i. 28. Also of Ebenezer Morris, of the Cliffe, Lewes, who died October 10, 1888, aged eighty-seven years. 'Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord.'—Ps. cxxviii. 1; Mal. iii. 17.

M. M.

An infant daughter of Matthew and Sarah Martin, of the parish of East Hoathly, who died 1818. Also of Sarah, their daughter, who died 1820, aged thirteen years. Also of Matthew, their son, who died 1826, aged twenty years. And of the above-named Matthew Martin, who died October 7, 1857, aged seventy-six years. Ps. xxxvii. 37. Also of Sarah, his beloved wife, who died January 4, 1864, aged seventy-seven years. Prov. x. 7. Also of Susannah, daughter of the above, who died December 13, 1873, aged sixty-three years. 'Ever with the Lord.'

T. H.

Ann, daughter of Thomas and Martha Hooper, of the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, Bermondsey, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, who died February 15, 1827, aged seventeen months,

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twenty-four days. Also of Thomas Hooper, their son, who departed this life October 27, 1830, aged thirteen years. Also of Thomas Hooper, of Bermondsey, father of the above, who fell asleep in Jesus on October 12, 1844, in the fifty-first year of his age. 2 Cor. v. 8. Also of Martha Hooper, his widow, who died May 6, 1851, aged fifty-seven years. 'Salvation is of the Lord.' Jonah ii. 9.

C. H.

Mary, widow of the late Cleeve T. Hooper, of Bermondsey, who died at Eastbourne January 16, 1869, aged seventy-seven years. Prov. iv. 18.

* * * * *

William Shoosmith, January 10, 1814, aged eighty-two years. Also Eliza, his wife, February 19, 1807, aged sixty-five years.

J. J. R.

Rebecca, wife of Mr. J. J. Robinson, of East Hoathly, in this county, and daughter of Joseph and Ann Morris, who departed this life July 27, 1848, aged fifty years. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'—Prov. x. 7. Also of John James Robinson, who died December 31, 1878, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Ps. cxxv. 2.

H. E. B.

Benjamin and Daniel, sons of Henry Ebenezer and Deborah Berry, who died 1834 and 1838. Also Deborah, wife of H. E. Berry, who died March 20, 1841, aged thirty-seven years. Rev. vii. 14. Also of H. E. Berry, late of Ringmer, who died July 7, 1859, aged fifty-three years.

T. F.

Hannah Morris and Sarah Ann, daughters of Thomas and Hannah Fuller, of the parish of St. Thomas-a-Becket, who died 1823 (three years and two years old). Also of the above, H. Fuller, late of Brighton, in this county, who fell asleep in Jesus, March 19, 1866, aged seventy-six years. Rev. xiv. 13; 1 Thess. iv. 14. 'Amen, Alleluia.' Also of the above, Thomas Fuller, who departed this life October 12, 1867, aged seventy-five years. John xi. 25, 26.

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C. V.

Two infant sons and two infant daughters of Charles and Eliza Verrall, of the parish of St. Michael's, who died 1812, 1817, 1822, 1835. Also of Martha, their daughter, who died April 18, 1838, aged ten years. 'The child shall die.'—Is. lxv. 20. Also of William Morris Verrall, who died September 23, 1841, aged twenty-three years. 'Is not this,' etc.—Zech. iii. 2. Also of Charles Verrall, of Lewes, who died July 10, 1859, aged seventy-three years. Rev. xiv. 13. Also of Eliza, relict of above, who fell asleep in Jesus January 6, 1874, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. Ps. xcii. 14, 15.

THE FAMILY OF MR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS, OF SLEAFORD, AND HIS WIFE MARY.

MARY (1806–1875), married her cousin, Joseph Williams; had two sons and one daughter. One son, Captain Joseph Williams, was lost with his ship off Ushant. The second son, Samuel Turner Williams, became a Baptist minister at Chatteris, Leamington, etc.

ELIZABETH (1807–1892 ?), married Mr. John Sturton, of Peterborough (chemist); had two sons and eight daughters.

ANN (1809–1866), for many years kept her father's house, married (last of all the children) to Mr. George Holden, minister and builder of Cranleigh, Surrey.

NAOMI (1810–1886), married Mr. John Shearman, of Threckingham, for many years a draper in Finsbury Pavement, London; had one son and two daughters. The eldest, Ruth, became the wife of Rev. W. H. Ibberson.

HARRIET (1812–1879), married Mr. John Payne, of Sleaford (merchant); had one son and three daughters.

SAMUEL (1813–), married Sarah Hay, of Sunderland; had four sons and three daughters. One son, Dr. E. Williams, became a medical missionary. By his second wife, Miss Turner, of Lewes, he had four sons and two daughters.

BENJAMIN (1815–1892), married Miss Webster, of Glinton; had two sons and one daughter.

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HANNAH (1817–1890), married Mr. Edward Thompson, of Grantham (artist); had three daughters; left a widow in 1847, and went to live at Deeping. One daughter married the Rev. W. Morriss, and another the Rev. M. J. Tryon.

HEPHZIBAH (1819–1874), married Mr. Joseph Pickering, of Leicester (manufacturing ironmonger); had one son and three daughters.

EMMA (1821–1866), married Mr. E. Hooper; had nine sons and four daughters.

'God of everlasting grace,
Worthy Thou of endless praise;
Thou hast all Thy blessings shed
On the living and the dead,
Thou wast here their sure defence,
Thou hast borne their spirits hence;
Worthy Thou of endless praise,
God of everlasting grace!'

THE END

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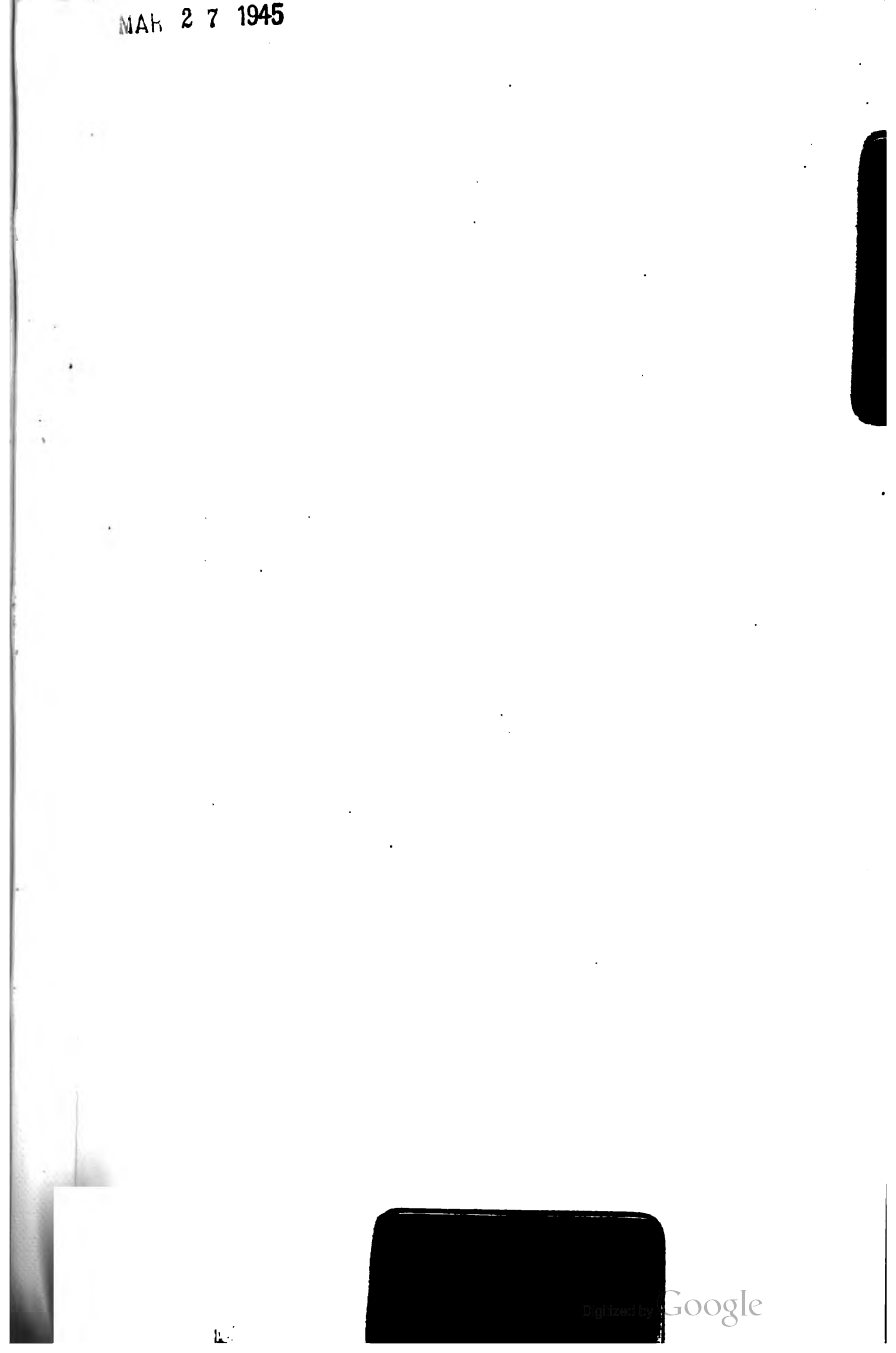

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